

# SICK

No. 90

mac 16188

40¢

JUNE 1972

**Huckleberry Fink  
SUPERSTAR**

Breathtaking Exposé:  
**SICK LOOKS AT  
POLLUTION!**

Centerfold Pin-Up:  
**Hoss Cartwright**



Bonus Cutouts:  
**WALL STREET  
STOCK CERTIFICATES**



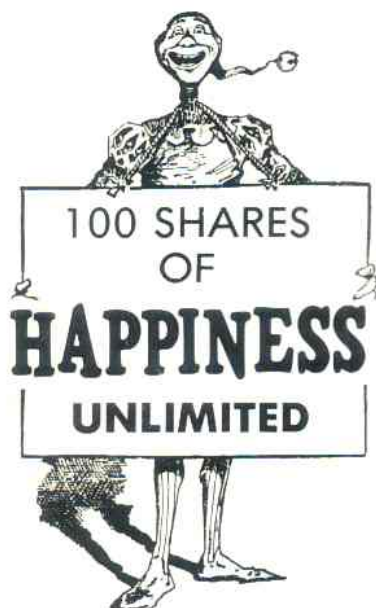
BONUS CUTOUTS

# WALL STREET STOCK CERTIFICATES

FLASH THESE FOLIOS • FOOL THOSE FRIENDS



CERTIFICATE



FOR PEOPLE WHO SAY YOU  
CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS

**UNCOMMON**



**STOCK**

NOT-SO-BLUE CHIP

Issued by  
I. SUNSHINE & CO.

A SICK CERTIFICATE



500 SHARES OF

**JOSHUA,  
JOB &  
SAMUEL**  
INCORPORATED

—NO GREATER PROPHETS ANYWHERE—

**PRE-WAR STOCK  
CERTIFICATE**



(all others pay cash)

A SICK CERTIFICATE

—MORE ON BACK COVER—



# SICK

No. 90

June 1972

Volume 12 Number 3

"He who steals my purse steals trash. But he who steals my good name **also** steals trash!"  
—Irving Trash

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SICK... the magazine that has taken the country by storm! (and you know what a storm can do to a country)

Well,  
here goes  
SICK...



ATTENTION READERS:  
**IF YOU THINK LAST ISSUE  
WAS SICK... WAIT!!**



## GAG OF THE MONTH

*Lindsay is my second choice  
for President!*

*Who's your first choice?*

*Anybody who runs against him!*



# Sickcure

Your February issue was by far  
your best. I really enjoyed a Peek  
In Santa's Pockets...

Rhoda Ephram  
Portland, Ore.

*You mean our article, or did you  
actually take a peek?*

That Travel Guide For Masochists  
was really super! Keep turning out  
articles like that one!

Sidney Ferguson  
Racine, Wisc.

*Say, you're really a masochist at  
heart, aren't you?*

Took your World's Easiest Exam  
by Professor Bob Heit and I flunked  
out. Tell me, what should I do?

Billy Flegmuller  
Los Angeles, Cal.

*Tell you what you shouldn't do...  
write letters like this one!*

Keep up the good work. You are  
much better than any other maga-  
zine in the field!

Nina Dobris  
Flushing, N.Y.

*We'd thank you if we knew what  
field you were talking about!*

Your 12th SICK Annual was  
great! I don't remember a funnier  
magazine!

Mary Ann Michaels  
Topeka, Kansas

*That's great, unless you're suffer-  
ing from amnesia!*

The best part of your February  
issue was "Standup Comics For  
Other Minority Groups." The

worse part was "The Ten Com-  
mandments For Modern Times."

P.J. Homsby  
W. Orange, N.J.

*The best part of your letter was  
the first sentence. The worse part  
was the second sentence.*

I'm a High School English Teach-  
er and I want to tell you that your  
modern translations of Shake-  
spearean works are invaluable to  
me in aiding my students grasp  
the true meaning of the Bard's  
language. Keep putting out more  
of the same!

Mrs. Rose Winston  
Marietta, Ga.

*If Shakespeare will, we will.*

## POSTER OF THE MONTH





*ly Yours.*

I think you're far superior to the other humor magazines on the market today. At least you don't cater down to an infantile mind the way they do. Your last couple of issues have really been great. Keep up the good work.

Tony Crespi  
Bartleboro, Vt.

*We will, if you keep up the good letters.*

...

I always enjoy those little grafitti messages in the margins of your pages every issue. Do other people also find them amusing?

Florence Ulbricht  
Amarillo, Tex.

...

Those Donor Cards in the last issue were a real gas. Hear me out: I'm willing my entire body when I die to SICK Magazine!

George DiNapio  
Sarasota, Fla.

*Don't forget to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope in case we reject it.*

...

As an American of Indian descent, I must salute you on your recent Look At The American Indian. It was a brilliant satire. At last somebody told it like it really was!

Jay Prescott  
Enid, Okla.

*You mean Indians used to do satire?*

...

Your review of Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me was hilarious. Best you've ever done. Sick—you're fantastic!

Carl Ostrofsky  
Roanoke, Va.

*Who is Carl Ostrofsky—and why is he saying all those wonderful things about us?*

...

Glad to see that David Maleh finally made it as a Contributing Editor. I've been enjoying his stuff for years.

Marsha Ellis  
Dubuque, Iowa

*So you're the one!*

...

Thought you were a little too rough in your reviews of TV shows in that SICK Look At The New TV Season. Must you be so harsh and offensive?

Jean Reilly  
Paducah, Ky.

*Yes, as long as the shows are.*

...

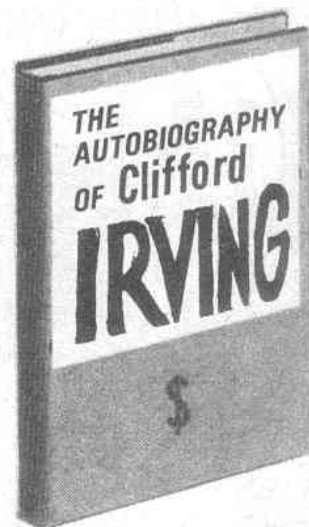
Gad! What a centerfold in the May SICK! Uncle Sam in the nude! Really! What is this country coming to?

Phil D'Agastino  
Nutley, N.J.

*Never mind what it's coming to—where is it going?*

...

## BOOK OF THE MONTH



Since nobody asked for my opinion, I'm gonna give it anyway. Your best writer is Fred Wolfe and your best artist is Francho. That's it, as far as I'm concerned.

Donald Abel  
Gary, Indiana

*The question is—how far are you concerned?*

...

Last issue was your best in a long time. Everything worked. You got a great book going!

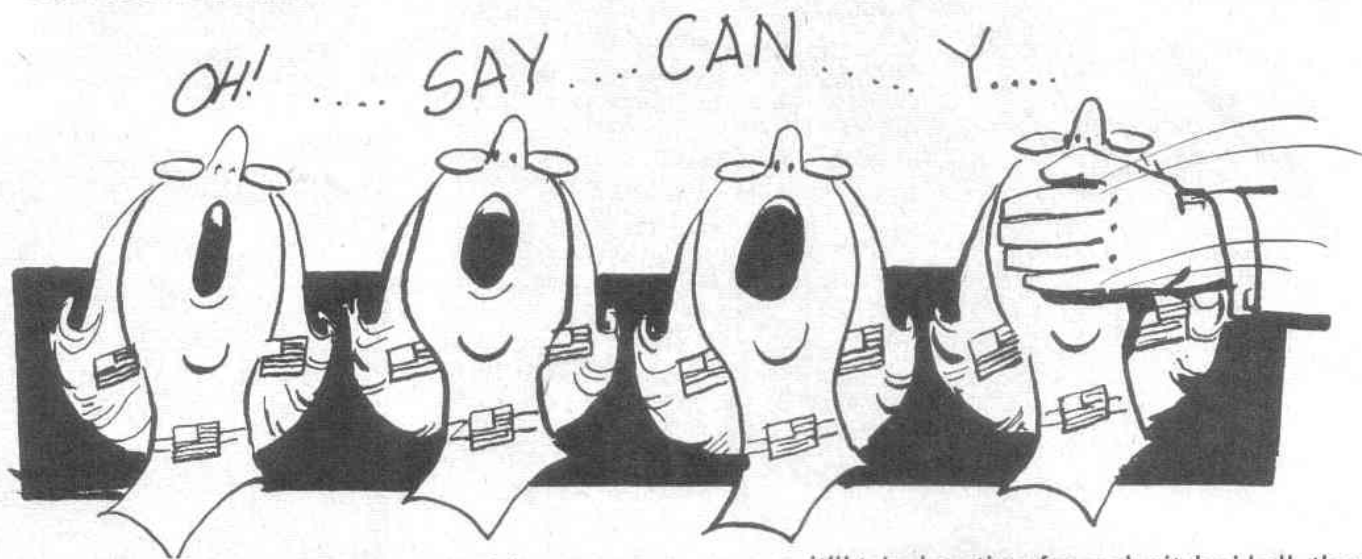
Alan Barabasch  
Los Angeles, Cal.

*Going? And we thought we were here to stay!*

## BUTTON OF THE MONTH





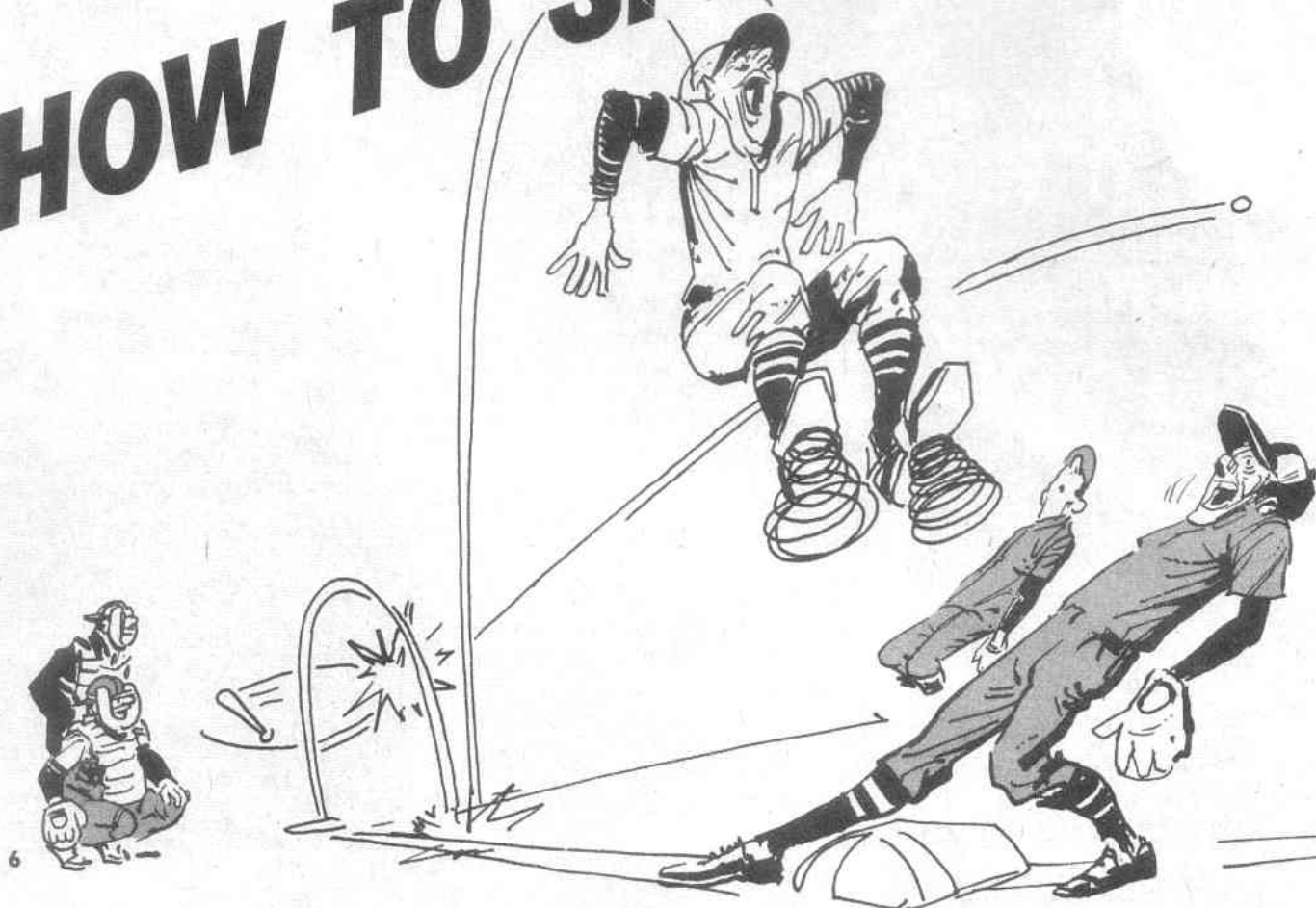


In this day and age, when everything moves at such a rapid pace, the game of baseball remains the same—slow-moving and tedious. What has to be done is to change some of the rules of the game so as to get more action into it. And so, after some slow-moving and tedious deliberation, SICK has come up with several ideas.

One way to speed up the game of baseball is to decrease the distance from the pitcher's mound to the batter's box from 60 feet to 60 inches. That

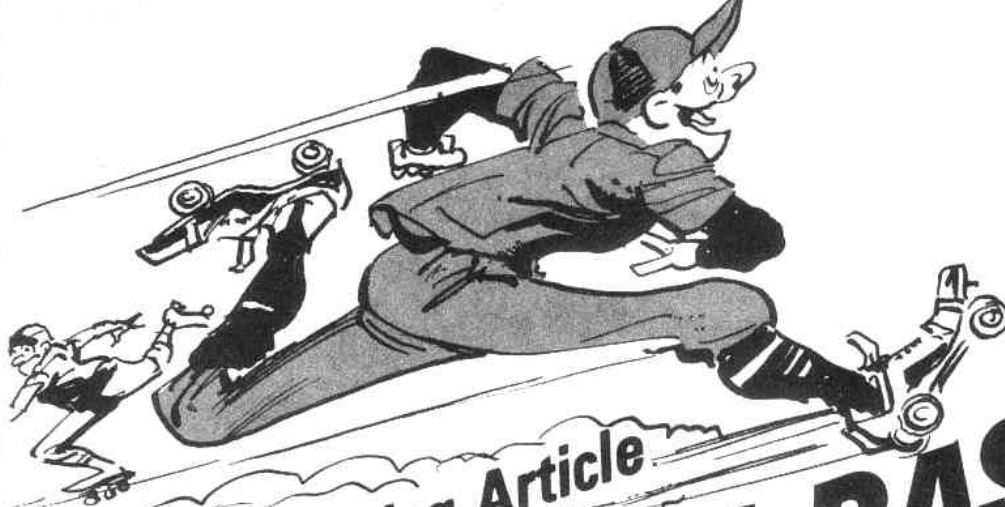
way, it'll take less time for each pitched ball, there'll be fewer walks, and the pitcher won't have to go far to argue with the home plate umpire. Also, instead of having the manager waste time by walking out to the pitcher, a phone is installed on the mound.

# HOW TO SPEED UP THE



INSECURITY is remembering in the shower that you forgot to prepare a towel.





by BOB HEIT

America's "Speed" King

Illustrated by JACK SPARLING

# A Fast-Moving Article ACTION IN BASEBALL

## STRIKE ONE! YOU'RE OUT!

When the teams change sides, a good idea is to have the outfielders come in with roller skates, while the team taking the field travels out in racing cars.

Another great speeder-upper plan is to have double-headers played simultaneously, by having two men bat at the same time, two men pitch and 18 men in the field. Similarly, one can shorten the "Star Spangled Banner" by having the umpire yell "Play Ball!" immediately after "Oh, say can you ..."



Fans should be encouraged to throw litter on the field. If the field becomes unplayable, it might shorten the game by several innings. By the same token, players should be encouraged to smoke while on the field. This will shorten their lives and they'll have to hustle more to live through the game.

It is also important not to stop the game for a player injury. Continue the action while he crawls off. If he can't crawl, let him lie there until the inning is over, then scoop him up. To cut down on 7th inning stretches permit only one arm per person to go up. Also, to cut down on the length of time it takes a pitcher to warm up, sauna baths can be used in the bullpen. Since there will be less time for TV commercials, have them shown on another channel.

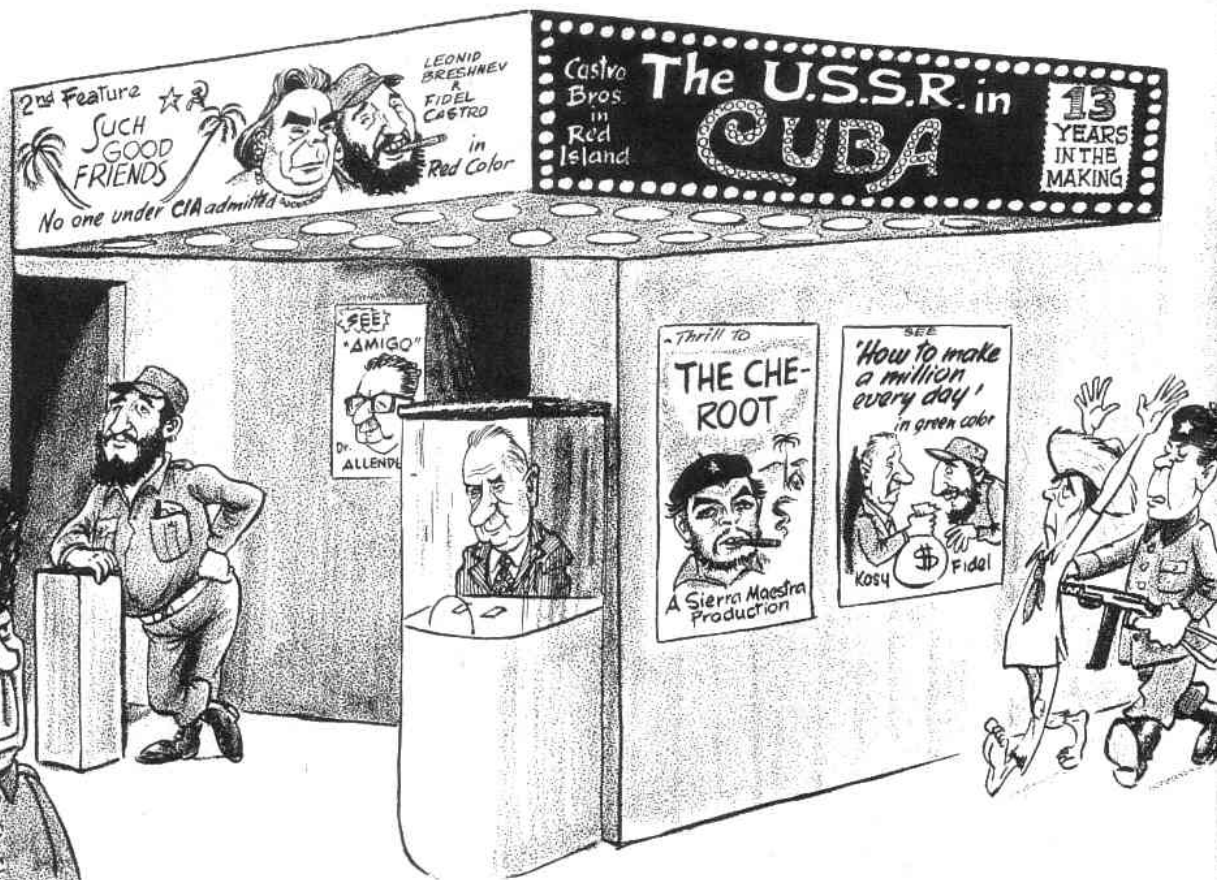
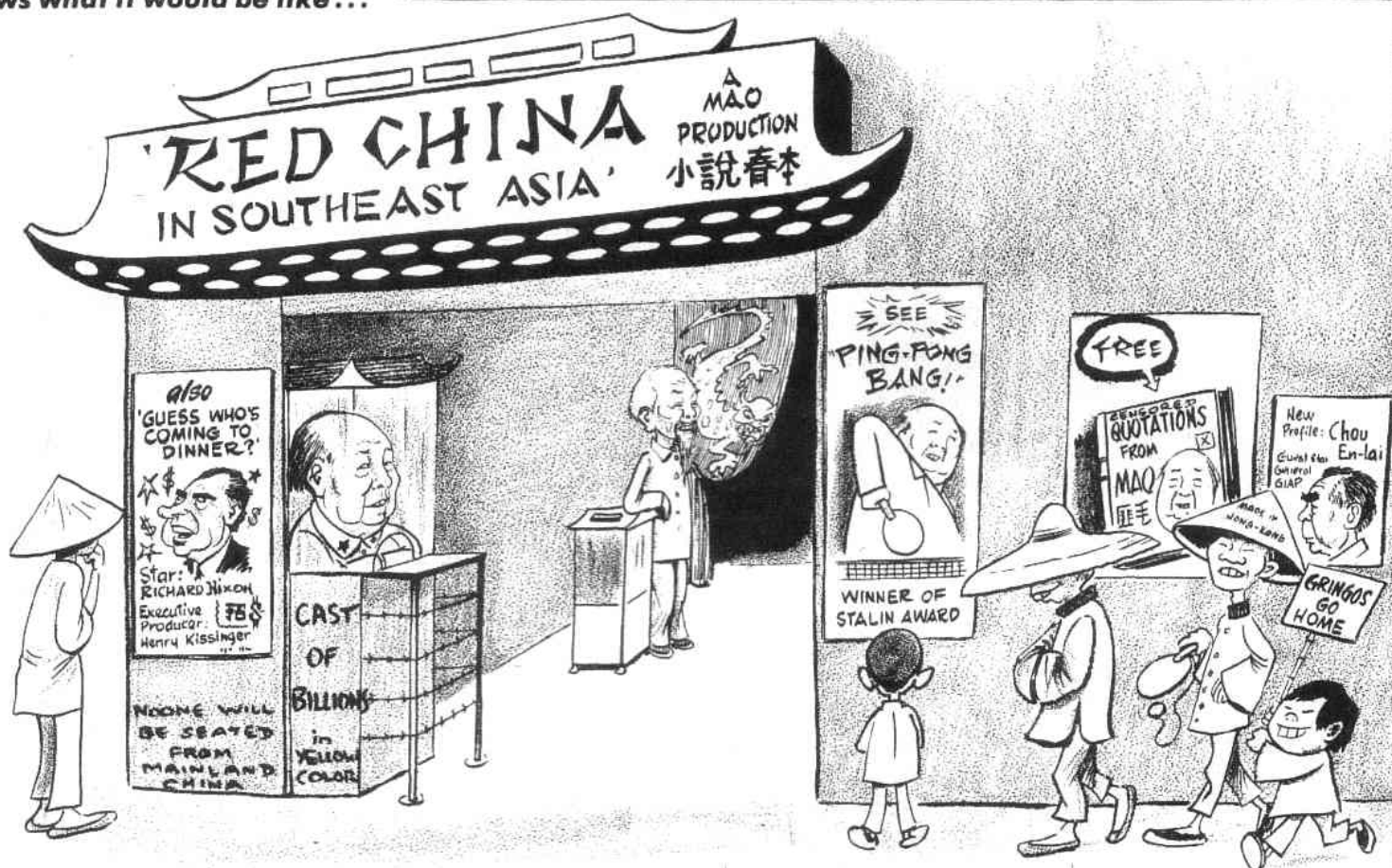
There are other short-cut methods of speeding up the slow action of baseball. Everything from placing banana peels along the basepaths to using springs instead of spikes on the shoes. But no matter what changes are made, remember --- it's not how you play the game, it's whether you win or lose that counts!





Everybody's heard the expression "All the world's a stage." But who has ever taken it seriously? Only somebody out of his skull—like the guy who thought up this idea which shows what it would be like...

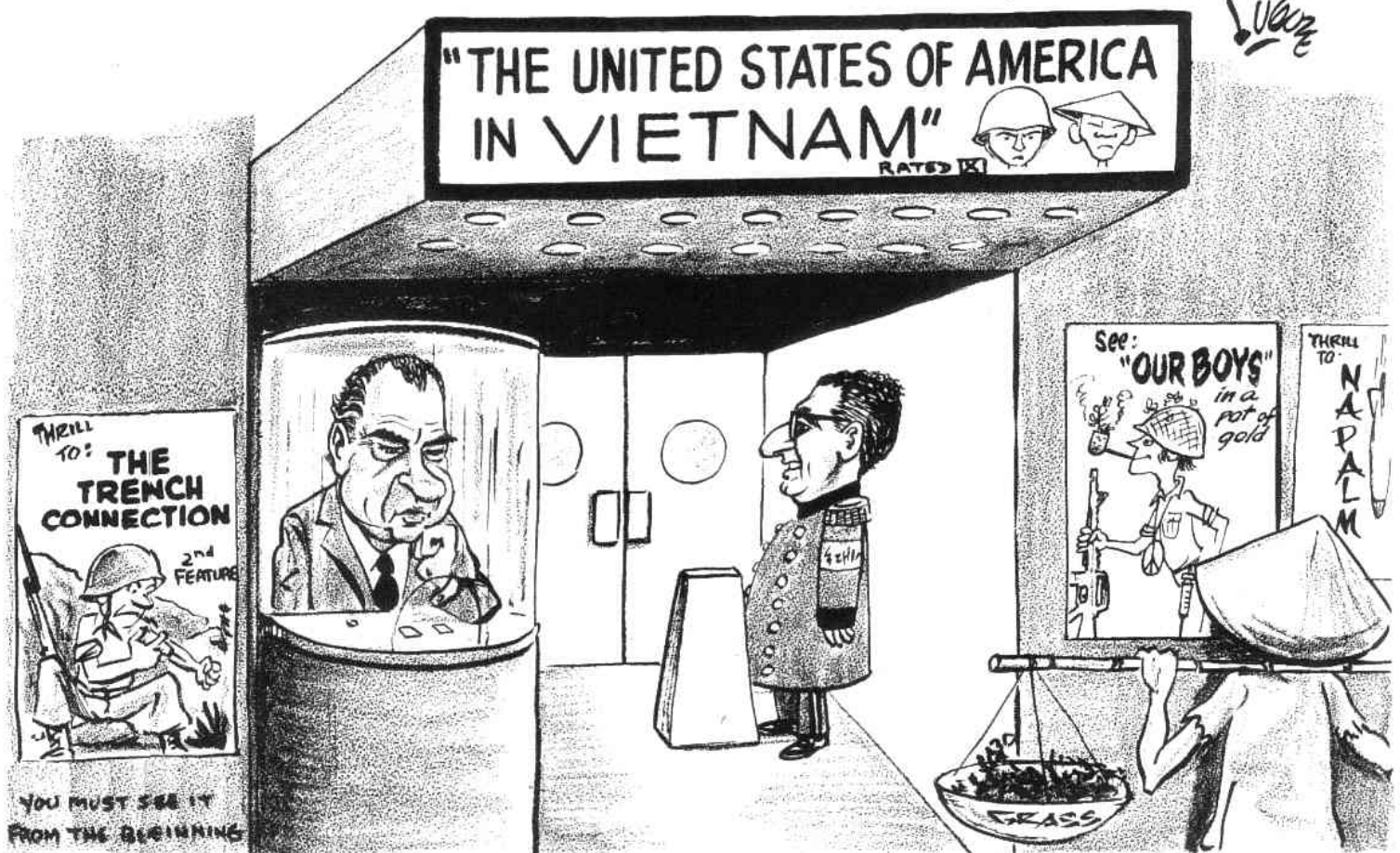
# IF NATIONS WERE



# THEATRES



created by LUGOZE



INSECURITY is having malaria and then developing frostbite.



# WHAT IS A

• A SUPERMARKET is where a lady asks you to let her go ahead of you on line because she only has one item, then takes twenty minutes fumbling for her change.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where you run in just to buy a loaf of bread to eat with your supper, and wait on line so long you lose your appetite.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where a hungry family can grab a quick, balanced-junk meal from open packages of chocolate-chip cookies, Hershey's miniatures, dog bone meal, cheese flavored crackers, Taco chips, swiss cheese, cashew nuts and sugar cones.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where you ask for 1/2 pound of ham and get 7/8; request 1 pound of American cheese and get 1-3/8; and want 1/4 pound of roast beef and wind up with 5/8.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where you develop strong finger and hand muscles in preparation for Olympic tryouts, by squeezing the tomatoes, the grapefruit and mainly, the Charmin.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where you get arrested for following a woman back to her car on the lot, when all you wanted was her shopping cart.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where a dozen managers, assistant managers, handlers and clerks roam the store discussing ways to increase sales while one check-out girl stands there struggling with a long line.

• • •

• A SUPERMARKET is where the non-grocery items keep squeezing out the foods, as we find glasses and pitchers and cups and other things they're selling, blocking the milk and eggs and staple foods from sight.

• • •







# THE MEAN ROTTEN KID LOOKS AT CELEBRITIES

by DON FIOTO

Joe Frazier's a 90-lb. weakling  
Glenn Campbell's a real city slicker  
Howard Hughes is publicity-seeking  
Ari-Jackie they constantly bicker!

Dean Martin drinks milk in those glasses  
John Wayne is a communist creep  
Henry Kissinger cut all his classes  
Mrs. Agnew is really the Veep!

Zsa Zsa is covered with rhinestones  
Sinatra's got a frog in his throat  
Garbo the recluse has nine phones  
Namath's mink was but a cloth coat!

Tiny Tim is really a he-man  
Jackie Gleason's a thin little runt  
Marlon Brando, turns out, is a she-man  
Mickey Mantle don't know how to punt!

Bob Hope is a man who hates soldiers  
Dick Nixon does things on a whim  
That Twiggy is getting those bulges  
Lassie is really a him!

Streisand's old nose was a short one  
Raquel Welch has a silicone bust  
Every day Billy Graham downs a quart rum  
McGraw Hill banks in Irving Trust!

That's what I think of these people  
That's what I find makes them tick  
That's what I'll shout from the steeple  
That's why they say I am sick!



Let's face it—pollution is here to stay! It's been with us for years now and nothing significant's been done about it. So like, it stands to reason that it'll be around a little longer. Thus, we might as well stop fighting pollution, accept it as inevitable and even learn to enjoy it. And the way to do this is to give pollution a better "image." So it won't be so frightening. To show you what can be done, SICK has come up with sure-fire ways...

# How to give POLLUTION a better image so we can learn to live with it!

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO

AT FIRST, SMALL ADVERTISING SIGNS CAN BE USED HERE AND THERE TO START CONDITIONING THE PEOPLE...

IN THE AIR

ON THE GROUND

EVERYWHERE



THEN, THE CAMPAIGN CAN REALLY GET UNDERWAY AS IT BECOMES A LIVE ISSUE IN DIFFERENT WALKS OF LIFE...

AT A LADIES' LUNCHEON

IN A TV INTERVIEW





# MAN WALKS ON WATER

**Biblical Prophecy Comes True**

Fred Futz, an itinerant berry-picker, became the first man in modern history to walk across Lake Erie. Thanks to tons upon tons of waste and garbage that has been accumulating over the years, Lake Erie became solid enough last week so that Mr. Futz could make his historic trek.

Mr. Futz walked the entire distance without getting the bottom of his shoes wet. Next week, Mr. Futz plans to drive across in a 1923 Hudson.

There is no truth to the rumor however, that Mr. Futz will walk to the top of Mount Sinai and wait for another Commandment.

**Bumper Morgan wears**

# POLLUTION CREATING MASTER RACE

**SO SAYS LEADING SCIENTIST**

A renowned scientist, addressing the Association of International Ecology yesterday, has come up with the thesis that pollution will bring about a master race.

As the anonymous speaker declared, "those too weak to handle all the poisonous additives to their food, clothing and very air they breathe are better off out of it anyway. Those who survive will really be superior. Insofar as the question, what to do with all the empty beer cans and gum wrappers, the scientist is presently working on that."

# GRAND CANYON FINALLY FILLED

**No Longer Unsightly Hole**

After thousands of years of being nothing but barren useless land, the last area of the vast Grand Canyon was filled in early this morning with assorted debris.

Credit for the feat was given to the Can and Paper Makers of America, whose accumulated products led to this phenomenon. No longer will this desolate hole be an eyesore on the American landscape. Already, plans are being made to put up a middle-class housing development on the site.

The local Chamber of Commerce was unavailable for comment. They are busy investigating unconfirmed reports of strange aromas infiltrating nearby areas, some as far away as Salt Lake City.

SOON POLLUTION WILL GET TO BE VERY POPULAR AS IT BECOMES FRONT PAGE NEWS OF HUMAN INTEREST ...

THE TIMES, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1972

# D.D.T. SAVES MAN'S LIFE

**FARMER PRAISES PESTICIDE**

Late yesterday afternoon, Rufus Snodgrass, a local farmer, was on his way to an Anti-Pesticides Rally, where he was preparing to throw away all of his old garden chemicals and assorted pollutants.

As he was crossing the main street of town, Mr. Snodgrass happened to drop an old bottle of D.D.T. As luck would have it, he bent down to pick up the D.D.T. just as a stray arrow whizzed past his head.

"If it hadn't been for that D.D.T. I wouldn't be alive today," Mr. Snodgrass told reporters, "that danged pesticide saved my life!"

The arrow was reportedly shot by a near-sighted Indian, recovering from radioactive fallout particles brought about by a recent bomb-test near his reservation.

**LATE CITY EDITION**

Weather: Cloudy, mild with showers today, tonight. Cooler tomorrow. Temp. range: today 49-59; Wed. 42-73. Full U.S. report on Page 77.

THE TIMES, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1972

# PRESIDENT COMING OUT FOR POLLUTION

**WILL BE KEY CAMPAIGN ISSUE IN '76**



15 CENTS

We've done all that is humanly possible to please our fish-catching neighbors so that the two of us can live in complete harmony. Just recently we've added tuna fish sandwiches to our employee's luncheons, whether they want it or not!

CAN AN OIL COMPANY AND A TUNA FACTORY OPERATING IN THE SAME AREA, WORK HAND IN HAND?

**SAYS THE OIL COMPANY:**



**SAYS THE TUNA FACTORY:**



It's working out great! In fact, the Oil Company has increased our profits by 30%. This is because with all the oil we've been finding on our fish, we don't have to add any to the cans when we pack the tuna. Believe me, I got a gold mine here!

oohh! don't touch me, I've got sunburn!



## Remember SUNBURN?

Well, now that's a thing of the past—thanks to that new sun-screening device "Soot In The Sky." This works better than any tanning lotion in blocking out harmful rays of the sun—mainly because it blocks out the sun!

**SOOT-IN-THE-SKY**  
by Chimneys

Look, Ma, No Leaves!



Yes, our community had 98% fewer leaves to rake ever since that new super-highway was built right near our home. What a relief to our backs!

**SAVE A BACKACHE TODAY!**

Write to your Congressman and support that new Super-Highway being planned right near your home! Send for Free Pamphlet entitled: "Leave Leaves!"

Have you noticed fewer bird droppings on your car?



Thank the men at your local United Smelting Factory—serving the entire community, and parts of the next town. Remember our motto: "We Get Them Before They Get You!"

*FRY the friendly skies of United*





# NEW CAMPS WOULD SPRING UP IN WHICH CHILDREN LEARN TO ADJUST TO THE POLLUTION ENVIRONMENT...

I'm your new counselor, Polly Ushan, and today I'm going to show you how to remove oil slicks from your skin after you've gone oceanbathing...

And you boys will learn how to walk on glass so you can play softball on any vacant lot in America.



AND TELEPHONS TO ACQUIRE ADDITIONAL FUNDS FOR PRO-POLLUTION RESEARCH...

... and the total is now \$8302. Come on, folks, we need a million more dollars if we're going to get that coal factory built right here on the Main Street of town...



AND FINALLY WE WOULD HAVE THE FIRST "ANNUAL INDUSTRIAL WASTE SHOW"—PLACING ALL OF POLLUTION'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS IN ONE GIGANTIC FAIR...

## GAMES



# Dear Abbie:

Hey, all you wigged-out cats and chicks! Like, here we go again with groovy answers to your personal love problems. And if you got any impersonal love problems, like we'll answer those too. Just send in your blues notes and we'll straighten you, hear? Only don't forget—put some "bread" in every envelope. Like you gotta straighten us too, dig?



Man, like, five years ago this cat I was padding with went out for some bread and hasn't returned since. My problem is, should I keep waiting for him—or go get the bread myself?

**NOWHERE**

*Wrong! Your problem is—you do very bad old jokes!*

My hippie boy friend was busted by the fuzz. He told me they planted the evidence on him. Man, is this possible?

**SOMETHING ELSE**

*Yes it is. Some hippies have such a thick layer of dirt that you can plant most anything on them!*

Like, my question is this: can a marriage based on physical attraction last?

**HUNG DOWN**

*Of course. Physical attraction is as normal as apple pie!*

Hcy, Man! Would you say a chick of 13 is mature enough to know the meaning of true love?

**OUTASITE**

*O.K.—a chick of 13 is mature enough to know the meaning of true love!*

Clue me in, Dad, have you written any books on love-making for teenyboppers?

**SWINGER**

Yes, two books—"Love Making From Seven To Nine" and "Love Making From Ten To Midnight."

Last night I stayed out real late with this new guy I met. My old lady was very uptight. Tell me—did I do wrong?

**STONED**

*Try to remember.*



This new cat I'm making it with is real freaked-out. Like on his latest trip he insists he stole the Empire State Building. He thinks he took it away in a truck. Like what should I do?

**TOO MUCH**

*Like, don't worry about it. If this cat really stole the Empire State Building he'll have a real hassle getting rid of it. All the floors are marked!*

My name is Oedipus. I'm in love with my mother and I killed my father. Then when I realized what I did I tore my eyes out. What I want to know is, do you think I'm getting a complex?

**FRIZZIES**

*No, Man. Like loving your mother and hating your father is normal. But like, tearing out your eyes was real uncool!*

I'm a 15 year old teeny-bopper and I really groove this older man. He's 86 and I dig him the most. I want to marry him but my old lady says May and December marriages don't work. Like what should I do?

**STRUNG OUT**

*Simple, don't get married in either of those two months!*

When I make love I believe in treating a chick rough. I like to flog them with my hair, whip them with my love beads and choke them with my headband. What do you think of that?

**CLARENCE**

*Great foreplay. Now tell me how you make love!*

My boy friend is an artist and every time he wakes up he wants to paint me on an empty stomach. Should I let him?

**CLOGGED UP**

*No, paint is bad for the belly-button. Let him paint you on a kneecap or armpit!*

INSECURITY is seeing the stewardess sitting on the pilot's lap during a flight you're taking.



# A COMIC-STRIP READER'S GARDEN OF VERSES

by WARREN EMERY

Illustrated by JOHN COSTANZA



**BLONDIE**

Blondie is a spendthrift and  
Goes ape at every sale.  
She constantly hears burglars  
And routinely irks her male.

And Dagwood? Well, for years  
Around the house he's misbehaved.  
So to the shrink one query now:  
Can this marriage, Doc, be saved?



**PEANUTS**

Some kids who act strangely adult,  
Sit and philosophize;  
A dog that muses on a roof  
While gazing at the skies.

A bird that claims he goes to school,  
Pets blessed with perfect diction.  
"Peanuts" is not a comic strip;  
It's really science fiction!



**LI'L ABNER**

We must admit that Abner is  
A hayseed, a hillbilly.  
He shlooms around his pig-sty home  
And usually acts silly.

However, he is not as big  
A klutz as some folks say.  
At least he has good taste in broads—  
He pads with Daisy Mae!



## BEETLE BAILEY

He's always goofing off in camp,  
He wears his cap to sleep;  
The jerk can't even hold a broom;  
He smashes up the jeep.

He can't shoot straight, he's indolent,  
He fouls up every day.  
If *all* our soldiers were like him,  
God help the U.S.A.!

INSECURITY is being a lady-freeman sliding down the fire-pole.



## ANNIE LITTLE ORPHAN

A homeless waif, poor Annie has  
One scrape after another.  
She's knocked around, neglected, used,  
Because she has no mother.

But—leapin' lizards!—even though  
Her cliches we despise,  
We pity this sad freak who has  
No pupils in her eyes!

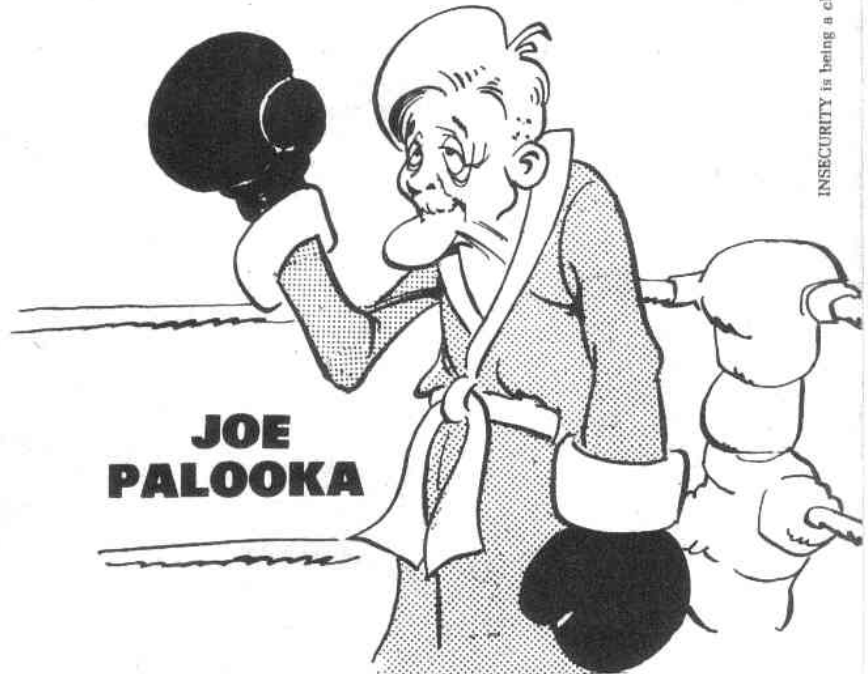


## PRINCE VALIANT

Now you might think that Valiant  
Is something of a shmoe,  
A fop whose only aim is to  
Defend the status quo.

Although this dandy seems so square,  
Withhold, my friends, your jeers.  
Val's really *not* establishment;  
He's had long hair for years!

INSECURITY is being a chambermaid at the YMCA.



## JOE PALOOKA

A lumbering ox from Wilkes-Barre, Joe  
Palooka, young and green,  
Although he was a gentle soul,  
Entered the boxing scene.

A heavyweight, he quickly won  
The title 'mid great cheers.  
But how can any guy be champ  
For over 30 years?



# Ode to Women's Lib

by FRED WOLFE

Three cheers for Women's Liberation!  
Is it for real—or constipation?  
Seems if that scene you really dig  
Then ev'ry male's a "chau'nist pig!"

"Men just exploit the weaker sex!"  
(Just handy when they pay your checks.)  
Who said that you don't need a man?  
That **gorgeous broad**—Betty Friedan.

How do you join these superstars?  
Just chuck your guys and burn your bras.  
Get rid of ev'ry lacy thriller.  
Look uglier than Phyllis Diller.

Then you won't fear a man's attack.  
They'll take one look and turn their back.  
You'll be as safe as old Fort Knox.  
(Get no more diamonds—just plain rocks!)

If you want gems, you'll have to mine 'em.  
And all because of Gloria Steinem.  
And no more furs, I'm sorry, dear,  
Just sympathy from Germaine Greer.

"Yes, women are the same as men!"  
(Hey, girls, you better look again!)  
"We're all the same as one another!"  
(Then how come I don't dig your brother?)



"If we're to gain full independence,  
Male jobs we'll take!" (Men's Room Attendants?)  
"All sports we'll enter—we won't cuddle!"  
(If you choose football—watch that huddle!)

"Forget all men! Give up your dates!  
Support all women candidates!  
We'll get into the White House too,  
White is so drab—let's make it blue!"

"Soon, no more war—we'll send our spies out!  
If they start up—we'll scratch their eyes out!  
So, down with men—each one's a louse.  
We're brave as they—eek! there's a mouse!"

More serious than air and water pollution is the problem of people pollution. What we have to do is stop the population explosion before it stops us from living on this planet. And so, after giving it much thought, we have come up with...

# **SICK WAYS TO REDUCE OVERPOPULATION**

Script by  
BOB HEIT

Art by  
ARNOLDO  
FRANCHIONI

**MANSON  
CALLEY  
IN '72**



**TURN THE PAGE FOR  
OTHER WAYS TO CHECK THE  
POPULATION EXPLOSION—  
if you're still around, that is!**





INSECURITY is watching the men's room attendant smile at you.

WOMEN'S LIB  
HEADQUARTERS

MEN  
WELCOME

LIQUID  
GAS  
COMPANY

DRUG STORE

PET SHOP

SCHOOL  
CROSSING  
DO NOT  
STOP

SMOKING  
PERMITTED

DO NOT CROSS  
AT GREEN---  
CROSS IN-  
BETWEEN.

TO BEACH...  
SWIMMING  
PERMITTED ONLY  
AFTER EATING.

TO CENTRAL PARK  
LOITERING PERMITTED  
ONLY AFTER DARK

TODAY'S  
SALE:

- LIVE PIRNHAS
- BABY SHARKS
- BOA CONSTRUCTORS
- SWORDFISH

SALE  
ON REAL  
PAIN  
KILLERS

OUR  
PHARMACISTS  
ARE  
ILLITERATES!

THIS  
WEEK!  
SPECIAL  
ON  
CYCLANMITE!



They say the Limerick is an old form of humor. We say it isn't—not if it's fresh and cleverly written, that is. Which is what we came across recently in a new book on the market. A book entitled...



From HIGH SERIOUSNESS: Limericks And Clerihews by A.N. Wilkins. Copyright © 1971 by A.N. Wilkins. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Exposition Press, Jericho, New York, 11753.

# HIGH SERIOUSNESS LIMERICKS & CLERIHEWS

by A.N. Wilkins

"For the last month," a fellow named Winner  
Told his friend, "every night before dinner,  
I have put Metrecol  
In old-fashioneds, and, Al,  
My pink elephants now are much thinner."



When an Anglican parson named Dunn  
Was created a canon, his son  
Said, "Although I am glad  
For your new title, Dad,  
Does that make me a son of a gun?"

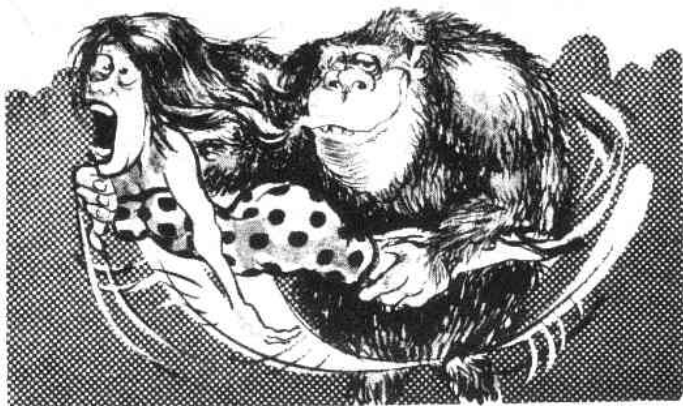


A wise old Australian named Gray  
Once said, "Boomerangs are in a way  
A problem. When you  
Get a batch that are new,  
You can't throw the old ones away."

An amateur cellist named White  
Asked us sharply one day if we might  
Not be silent while he  
Was performing, but we  
Knew his Bach was much worse than his bite.

There once was a couple named Ellett  
Whose house was for sale, as they tell it,  
Till the newspaper ad  
Describing their pad  
Made it sound too attractive to sell it.





It was two Messrs. Cook, both from Roth  
And both of them men of the cloth,  
Whom the cannibals told  
They'd eat one of them cold,  
As too many cooks spoil the broth.

"After all that you've just said in praise  
Of your husband," they asked Mrs. Hays,  
"Does he snore?" She said, "Oh,  
I really don't know.  
We've only been married three days."

"We've heard from the government brass,"  
Said an oil company chemist named Cass.  
"Their latest decree  
Informs us that we  
Must get the lead out of our gas."



"Tomorrow," the doctor said, "double  
Your dosage of this, Mr. Hubbell,  
And call me again  
If you feel better then.  
I'm having the very same trouble."



A fellow from South Carolina  
Who fed beer to his bird from a china  
Tureen was arrested  
When the neighbors protested  
That the man was corrupting a myna.

An ardent do-gooder named Sears  
Said, "Men should, as they live their brief years,  
Try to make their profession  
An uplifting expression,  
So I now am designing brassieres."



Having wrapped up and sent off the only  
Photograph that he had, Mr. Cronely  
Received a rude snub,  
For the Lonely Hearts' Club  
Replied that they weren't quite that lonely.





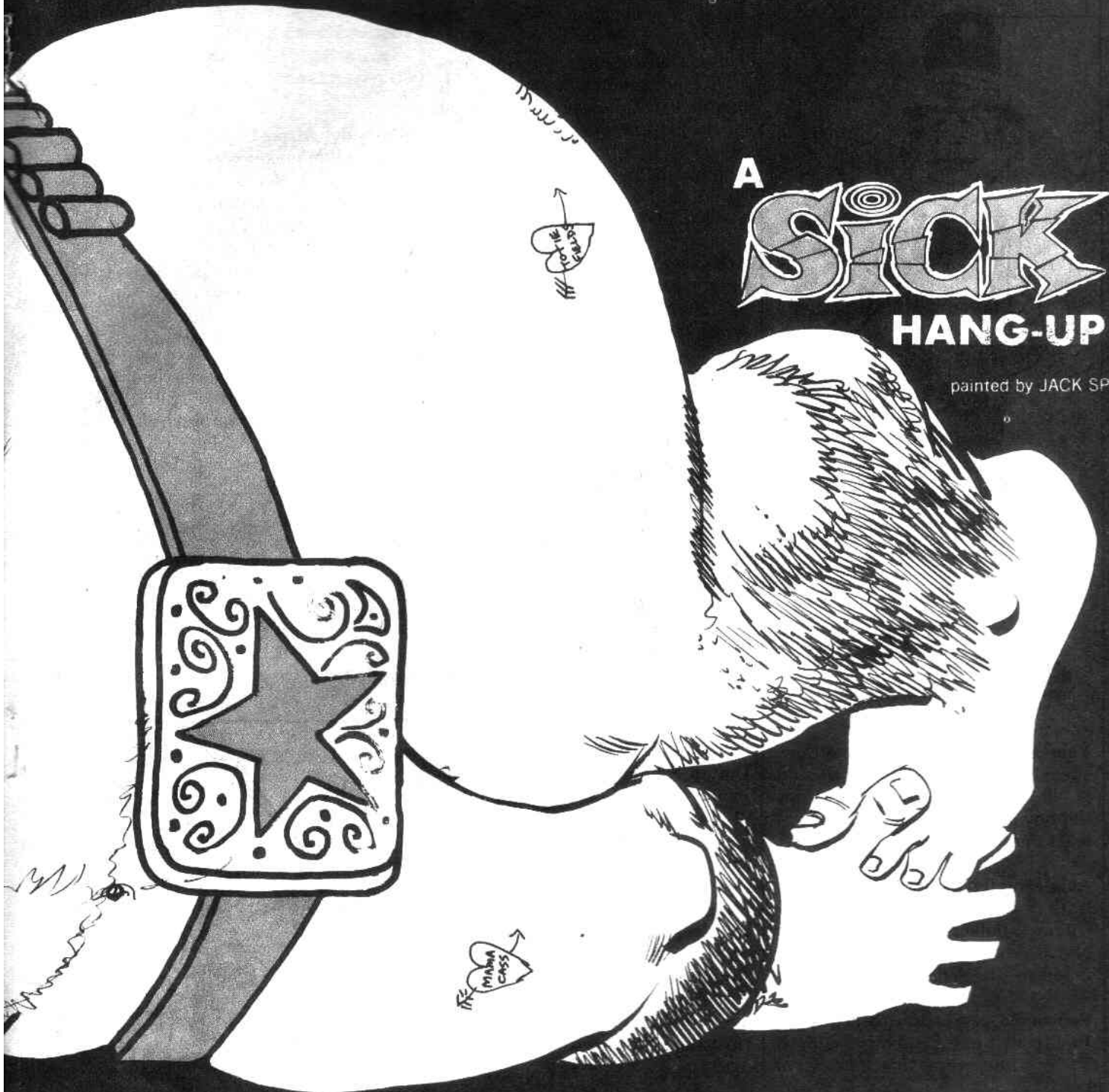
PINUP OF THE MONTH



# A MAN CALLED HOSS!

## A **SICK** HANG-UP

painted by JACK SPARLING





THOUGHT  
FOR TODAY:

"TAKE  
MCGRAW HILL AT  
ANY COST!"

—Clifford Irving

# Sick Sick

HELP STAMP OUT GRAPES!

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

Answer me this: if  
we don't send those  
Jets to Israel... who  
else will they play?



**Yale University:** A noted author, speaking of today's literature said it: "In today's novels, not only does the boy get the girl—he gets her at least once in every chapter.

**Amalgamated Press:** Reports have it that the first act of the new Chinese delegation to the United Nations was to get themselves listed in the Yellow Pages.

**Pensocola:** A local man had to finally divorce his bony wife. It seems that every time she went

out into the yard, his dog would bury her.

**California:** Said a chap, during the recent earthquake here: "In just one afternoon, my zip-code changed three times!"

**Tulsa:** One young girl here reportedly used so much foam rubber to increase her chest size, she erased all the bosom she had.

**Cincinnati:** A local citizen was so hated, that when he died he even needed a bodyguard at his funeral.

**Arizona:** While making a movie here, they had to fire an Indian for not being too bright—he tried to scalp Yul Brynner.

**Nassau:** Rumor has it that Howard Hughes bought two cute items for his charm bracelet—Ann-Margaret and Raquel Welch.

**Chicago:** From this crowded city comes the definition of a siren: a signal used by the police to warn burglars that they're approaching.

**Des Moines:** Cop to man just knocked down by car: "Did you get a look at his face?" Man: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere!"

**Kennedy Airport:** A visiting Japanese film-maker was asked if his country also had a rating system for movies, to which he replied: "Yes—'R'—for Rousy!"

**Toledo:** A fellow we know here tells us that he takes his wife everywhere. But unfortunately, she always finds her way home.

**Milwaukee:** Police here recently captured a cat burglar. But they still can't figure out why that kitty needed the jewels.

## OVERHEARD IN THE EAST VILLAGE:

"Like, here's the bit, baby. I'm going over to pick up my unemployment check. Then I'm dropping by the University to see what's holding up my check from the Federal Education Grant. After that I'm heading to pick up some food stamps. Meanwhile, you go over to the free clinic and see about your tests. Then pick up my new glasses at the health center. After that, go to the Welfare Department and apply for another increase on our eligibility benefits. Then, like, I'll meet you at 5 o'clock in front of City Hall for the mass demonstration against the rotten Establishment!"

**United Nations:** An American delegate to the U.N. warned about China: "Any country with a population of over 800 million people that claims its favorite sport is

**Columbia Medical School:** A physician lecturing to a class of internes asked: "When is emergency surgery called for?" And a clever student replied: "Whenever the doctor's bank account is low!" He was given his diploma immediately.



# World



THIS MONTH'S  
QUOTE:

"It is better to light one candle  
... than to curse Con Edison!"

—Electric Companies of America

NEWS OF THE MONTH

as reported by FRED WOLFE



**Los Angeles:** A gossip columnist explained why a famous entertainer gets married so often: "She figures you can't teach an old dog new tricks—so she keeps getting new dogs."

**Minnesota:** When a psychiatrist informed his patient that he was cured of his belief that he was Napoleon, he replied: "Big deal. Yesterday, I was Napoleon—today, I'm a nobody!"

**Fun City:** Political leaders here finally discovered why John Lindsay seeks to be President. He wants to get out of New York. And speaking of Lindsay, New Yorkers don't want anybody poking fun at their Mayor anymore. "After all," they point out, "he hasn't done anything!"

**Stanford U:** A leading research doctor just announced he found a cure for Stryogola Menocarthisis. Unfortunately, the disease hasn't been discovered yet.

**China:** A wise old philosopher cautioned men to always marry an ugly girl, because a pretty girl might run away. But he also warned: "Of course an ugly girl

might run away too—but who cares?"

**Israel:** A local resident here swears he saw a flying saucer over Tel Aviv with sour cream in it.

**New York City:** Elections are better than ever. A local politician promised to get rid of all crime on the streets. Said he: "We'll move it indoors!"

## ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER



## ON SALE NOW

INSECURITY is watching a blind person look you straight in the eye.





# School For Super Heroes

by GUY THOMAS

Illustration by JACK SPARLING

Class come to order! You in the back there... stop trying to climb the wall! And tell that character next to you... to quit gulping down that cold spinach! In the last class I had to hold a guy's head over the sink for twenty minutes... all because he wouldn't wait for his Spinach-Swallowing Instructions!

Now for Lesson Number One... "YOUR NAME." Going down the enrollment list, I see a couple of Bernsteins, a few Polaskis, two or three Margiglios, and the usual amount of Joneses, Smiths and Harrigans. And worst of all... a Mr. Bruce!

Now, whoever heard of a Super-Hero with names like those? What you need are names with originality... power... strength! Jones, you look like you could be an "IRON MAN." Smith you could pass for a "CAPTAIN AMERICA." But no, Mr. Bruce, I don't think "MAN OF STEEL" is quite for you.

After you've chosen your name, Wardrobe will fit you with the proper costume. Only remember... costume alone does not make a Super-Hero. A man with a blue cape and leotards is no more heroic-looking than one with a sequin-top and ballet tights!

Another thing you have to remember is... all your special talents are to be used against crime, and crime only. Contrary to belief, Superman does not use his X-Ray Eye Vision to peer at girls in the shower room. Take crime away from us, and WE take our place on the unemployment line!

What's that, Margiglio? You say the only special talent you have is getting your wife off the subject when she wants you to paint the house? Why, that's wonderful! With that power you should be teaching your own school! And what's that, Mr. Bruce? You have a special talent too?... Hair Styling?... Well, I'm afraid you'll have to do better than that. After all, if a bank's

being robbed you can't stop the crooks by giving them a quick Home-Permanent!... What?... It's worth a try?... Oh, shut up and sit down!

Now... One of your main characteristics in your development as a Super-Hero is your catchy phrases. You must say things like "faster than a speeding bullet!" or "what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" or "I'm popeye the sailor man, toot-toot!"

These immortal phrases bring reassurance to millions. You can even invent your own phrases. For example, Jones as "Iron Man" could say in tight spots, "Holy Rivets of hot steel!" Or Mr. Bruce as "Spider Woman" could say: "Oo-h, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

After you achieve fame, there are many fringe benefits. The sale of comic books alone can set you up for life. Not to mention yearly conventions at the Statler-Hilton. Now, for the graduation exercises you must leap into the air one time at a single bound... and then do mortal combat with a group of thugs, who outnumber you 100-to-1. Those who fail will have their diplomas awarded posthumously.

For your next lesson I want you each to accomplish one act of great daring. You have your choice of stopping a speeding train with your little pinky... Or inhaling the poisonous fumes from a leaking gas tank for twelve minutes.

Remember... If you really make it big you might wind up in the SUPER-HERO HALL OF FAME. There you'll find Batman's cape, Captain Marvel's underwear, Superman's actual chest sticking out like a woman's, and an 8x10 glossy reproduction of Popeye's deformed face.

Hey, where'd everybody go?... What's that?... Whattaya mean you changed your minds about being a Super Hero?... Well, I guess it's just you and me, Mr. Bruce. I'll take a Home Permanent, but please... spare the curlers!

End



First there were elephant jokes.  
Then came chicken jokes. Seeing  
as how both of these gimmicks  
cleaned up a fortune, we decid-  
ed to start a new rage ourselves.  
And so we now come up with...

# SHARK

Why did the shark cross the road?  
*To get to the other chicken.*

Which sharks draw the most interest?  
*Loan sharks.*

How do sharks play chicken-of-the-sea?  
*They pitch and catch unexploded torpedoes.*

Who said sharks really know how to hurt a guy?  
*A midget water-skier.*

Why do sharks have large mouths?  
*So they can eat submarine sandwiches  
with real submarines.*

How are sharks served in Tokyo restaurants?  
*Same as elsewhere, in the soup.*

What's the result of a severe hurricane  
followed by a heat wave?  
*Southern-fried shark.*

Why do sharks hear only the best stories?  
*Nobody wants to see them yawn.*

How do you catch a shark?  
*Hire a private detective to check the  
waterfront motels.*

What's the most effective shark-repellent known?  
*The Sahara Desert.*

How do you ward off a man-eating shark?  
*Explain Women's Lib to him.*

Who doesn't have to worry about the Better  
Business Bureau inspecting his merchandise?  
*A used-shark dealer.*

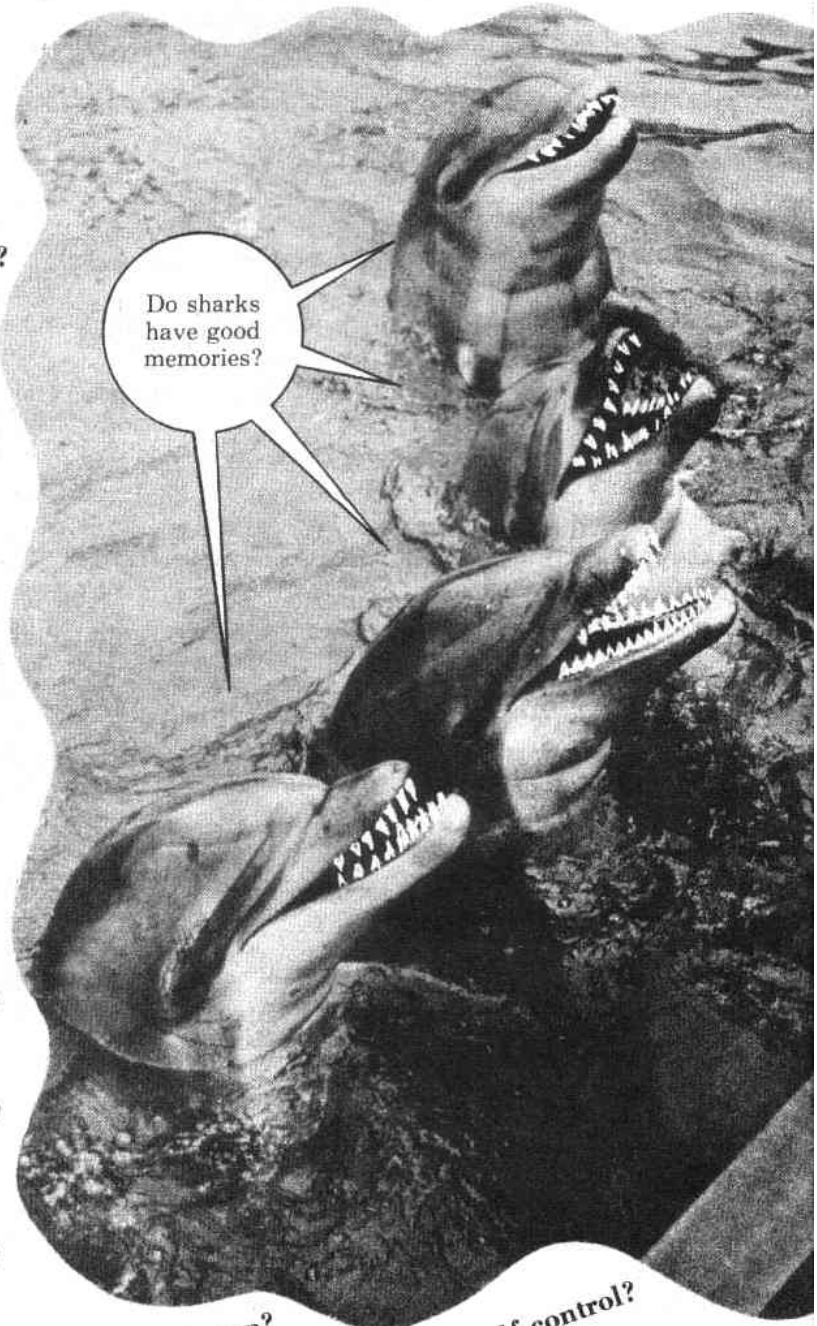
What happened to the pearl diver who ate alphabet soup?  
*A shark took the words right out of his mouth.*

What do sharks consider an example of self-control?  
*Biting only the hand that feeds them.*

When is a shark a sharp dresser?  
*When it's wardrobe mistress for a porcupine.*

Why are sharks so smart?  
*They hang around schools of fish looking for dropouts.*

Do sharks  
have good  
memories?



created by JOHN DROMEY

# JOKES

Why do sharks like to be movie extras?  
*They thrive on bit parts.*

How can you tell if there's a shark in your bathtub?  
*You can't, that's why it's safer to take a shower.*

How do you recognize a shark-owner  
in a pet shop?  
*He's the one buying a two-mile leash.*

Why do sharks wear red suspenders?  
*To attract firemen.*

Do sharks eat a breakfast of champions?  
*No, it's easier to catch the slow swimmers.*

Who do sharks look down on?  
*Pirates who walk the plank.*

Where do sharks call home?  
*Fin-land.*

What do married sharks do when they  
have a spat?  
*They sleep in separate waterbeds.*

How do you know a shark's cold-blooded?  
*When he opens his mouth a light goes on.*

To a shark what is the most  
embarrassing moment?  
*Being mistaken for a minnow by the  
Jolly Green Giant.*

When do sharks favor stricter zoning laws?  
*When their next-door neighbor's a crab.*

What do you call an underwater  
billiard player?  
*A pool shark.*

Why can't a shark be king of the jungle?  
*He swishes too much when he swims.*

How does a shark see a doctor?  
*He can either take up golf or sneak on  
board a hospital ship.*

When do sharks favor stricter zoning laws?  
*When their next-door neighbor's a crab.*

What did the shark order from the home demonstration agent?  
*More agents.*

What's the toughest job a shark has?  
*Finding a dentist who'll see him twice a year.*

What's a good example of brotherhood in action?  
*The law firm of Shark, Shark & Minnow.*

What kind of hobby does a shark like?  
*Anything he can sink his teeth into.*

Who do sharks look up to?  
*Mack the Knife.*

Yes, we  
never forget  
elephant  
jokes!



# END FINANCIAL WORRIES FOREVER!

**JOIN THE U.S. MARINES  
AND GET OUT  
OF DEBT  
FAST!**



mainly you'll be sent to places so far away,  
your creditors would never dare follow!

SEE YOUR RECRUITING OFFICER TODAY!  
(he'll be glad to get you a-loan!)

*Your anti-perspirant  
just doesn't do it...  
but COAST GUARD  
does!*

The U.S. COAST  
GUARD will keep you  
drier than the leading  
aerosol sprays,  
because it's the only  
branch of the service  
where you never work  
up a sweat! You'll  
be so dry that we  
throw you overboard  
from time to time to  
refresh you!

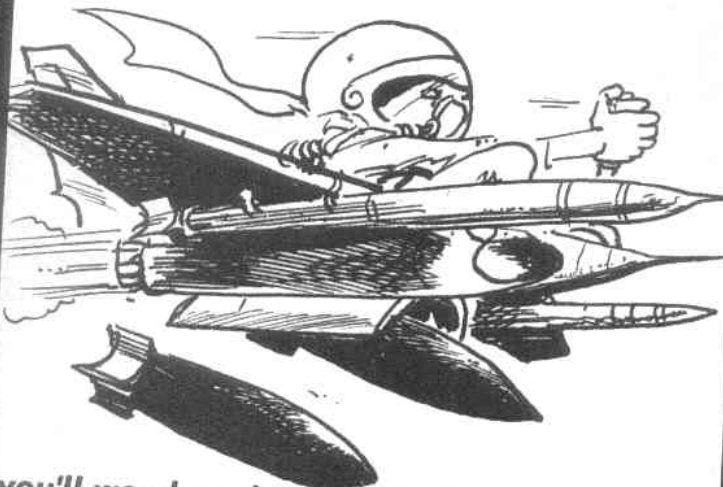


**JOIN THE U.S. COAST GUARD NOW**  
Remember... it's no sweat!

Desertions from all branches of the services are at an all-time high. If left unchecked, we may soon find ourselves without any defenses. And so, to stop these runaways, and also to pick up volunteers, we figure it would really help...

# IF MAD

# BRUSH WITH ADVENTURE!



you'll wonder where the Yellow's  
gone when you drop bombs on  
the Viet Cong

*Fly the friendly skies of the* **U.S. AIR  
FORCE**



**Like  
your  
pleasure  
big?**

**Join the  
MERCHANT  
MARINE**

...more bounce to the ounce!

There's only one thing worse than knowing your zipper is open... not being able to close it!



This is one problem you won't have as a seaman in the **U.S. NAVY** because all the pants have buttons!



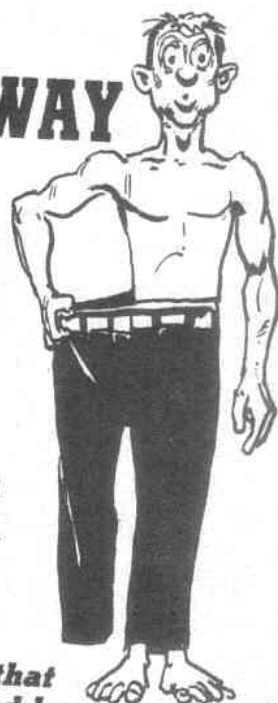
Say goodbye to unwelcome draft... mainly the draft to the other branches of the Service that all have zippers!

# LOSE DANGEROUS UGLY FAT THE EASY WAY GO ARMY

**NO DRUGS**—the Army will run your fat tail off!  
**NO DIET**—we don't tell you where the mess hall is!

**SEE YOUR ARMY RECRUITER TODAY**

*before he gets so thin that you won't find him posed by an Army cook*



# ISON AVENUE HANDLED ENLISTMENT POSTERS

ANY ONE OF THESE FABULOUS GIFTS

## FREE

IF YOU ENROLL IN THE

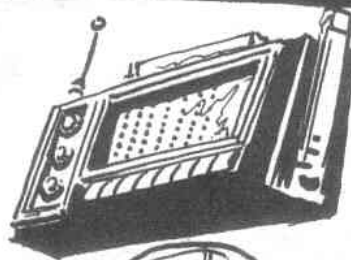
## SERVICE

OF YOUR CHOICE THIS MONTH

and stay there four years!

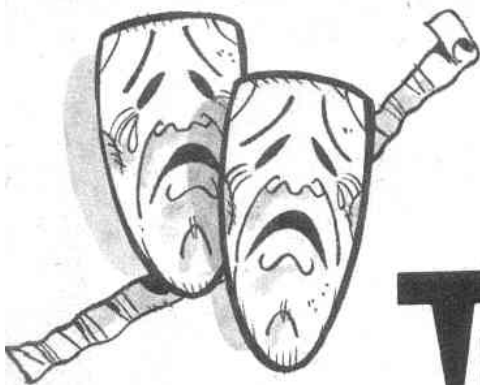
THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED DURING ANY OTHER WAR!

(you can bank on it!)



JACK SPARLING



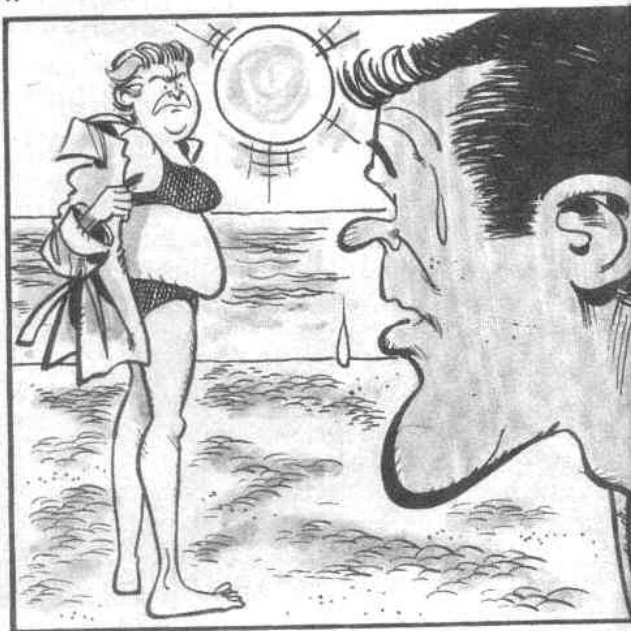
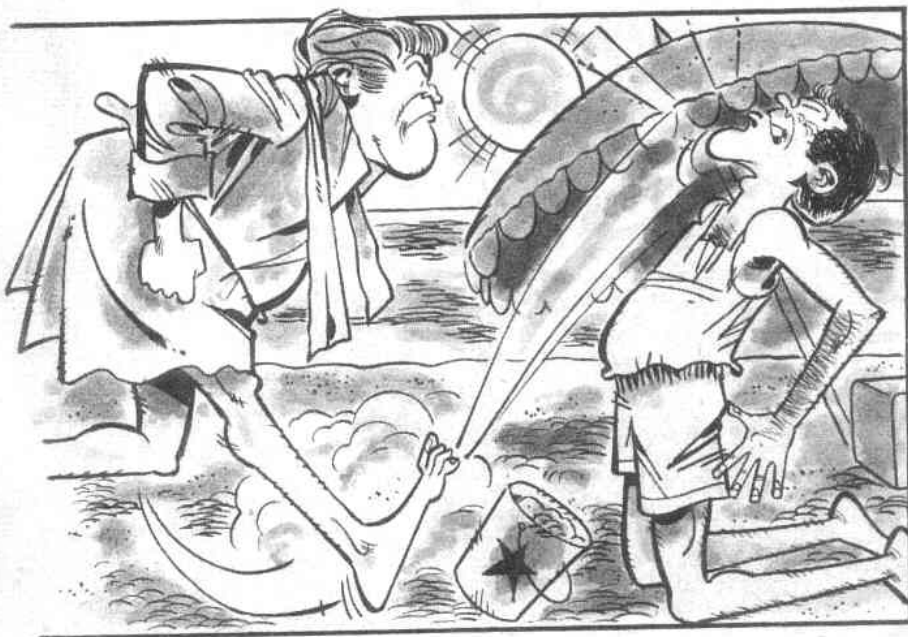


Art by JOHN LANGTON

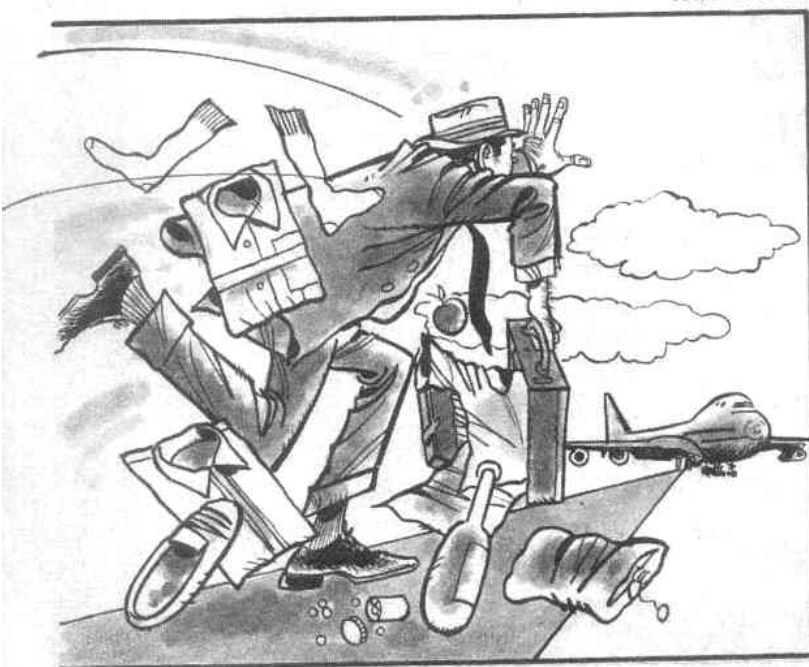
You wanna know what true misery is? It's telling that loudmouth standing at the end of the bar what a big idiot he is... only to find out he wasn't standing, he was sitting! It's going through a long court battle divorcing your wife... and then discovering that somehow you've won custody of your mother-in-law! It's watching fascinated as your giant 747 comes in for a landing... and then seeing that the landing strip is 80 feet shorter than the plane! True misery is lots of things. But mainly, it's trying to come up with more examples of what...

# True Misery Is...

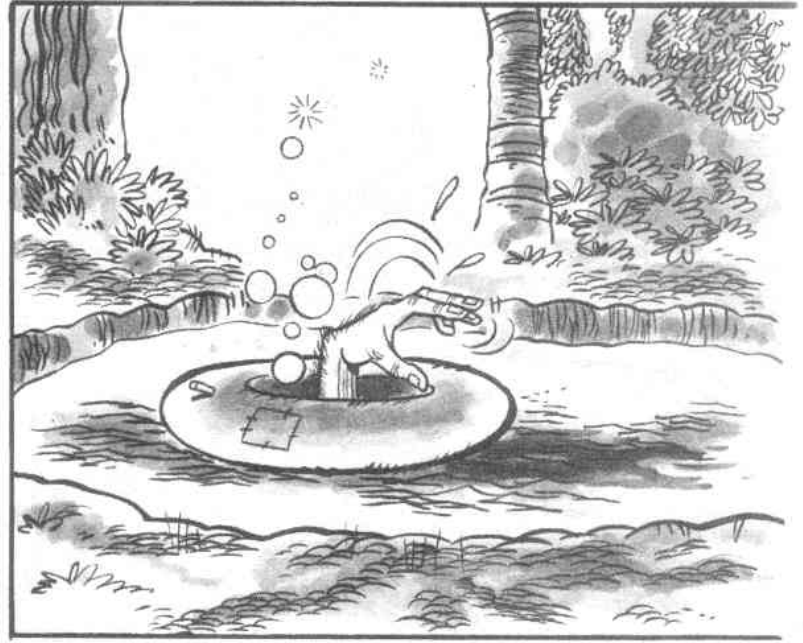
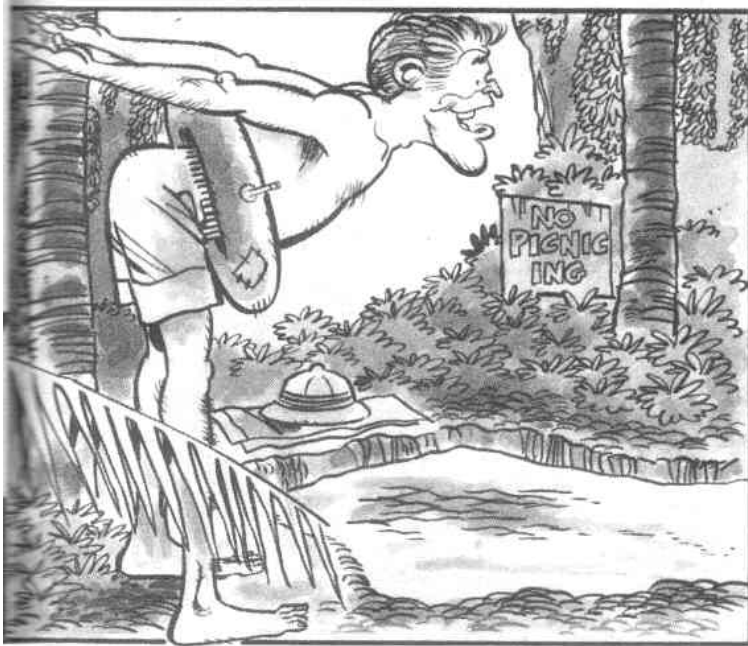
When that big bully at the beach who kicked sand in your face... turns around and you see that it was really a girl!



Racing to catch that last plane leaving for sunny California... and when it lands you discover it was the one for Hiroshima!



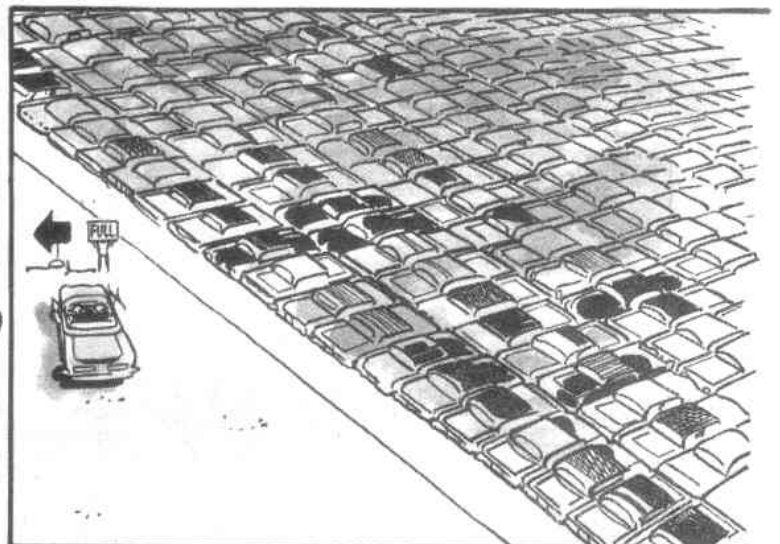
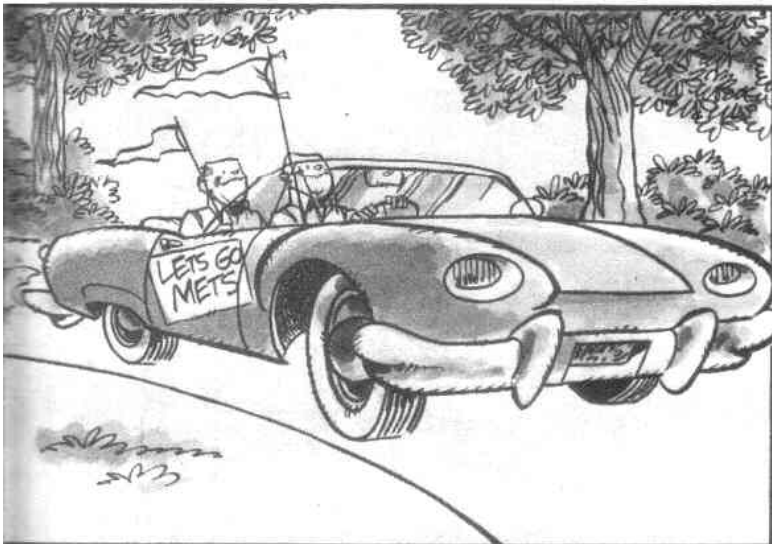
Deciding to take a little dip in that small lake in the jungle... only to find out after you jump in that it was quicksand!



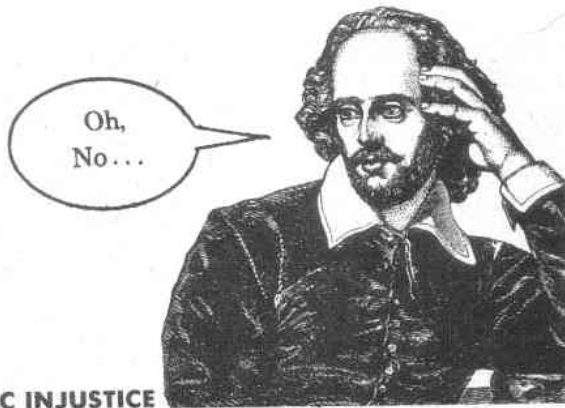
Eating a lot of those chocolate candies you found on the table... and soon afterwards finding out that they were really Ex-Lax!



Driving to the last game of the World Series with two box-seat tickets... and finding that you haven't got a single place to park your car!







## POETIC INJUSTICE

Here we go again with our version of how a famous piece of English literature would fare if it were submitted as a composition in a high school English class today. This time we've selected Shakespeare's most famous contribution—and assigned it to Sick's most infamous contributor—thus coming up with...

# HAMLET

AS CORRECTED  
in a

high school  
english class

by WARREN EMERY

"From Bad To Verse"

better to say  
"it is"

mixed  
metaphor!

no more what?

no need to exaggerate

should be "wished"

how can you dream  
during death?

you mean "make"  
don't you?

too sexy for a  
composition

this is not the way  
to spell "despised"

now what in the world  
does this mean?

vulgar! use "exert yourself"  
and "perspire"

stop using apostrophes  
in place of letters

again with "bear?" Will you  
please get another synonym

See me after class on this

again with the apostrophe?

awkward!

what is the name of  
action? Be precise!

To be or not to be: that is the question;

To be or not to be what?

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

Archaic! Slings and arrows aren't used as weapons anymore!

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep;

so why a question mark?

No more; and, by a sleep to say we end

again with 'tis? Do you have a thing for that word?

The heartache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

"perhaps" is better English

To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

how can a coil be mortal?

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There's the respect

typical youth chauvinism

That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

better you should say "insolence"

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despiz'd love, the law's delay,

libelous! not all office-holders are insolent

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

don't you mean "quiet?" — check your typewriter

When he himself might his quietus make

you used "bear" twice — try another verb

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

is heaven something to be dreaded?

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

you mean "mind" not "will"

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

never end a sentence with a preposition!

And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of?

what color is that?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution

far-fetched imagery

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought

And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry

And lose the name of action

D — must watch language — too ungrammatical

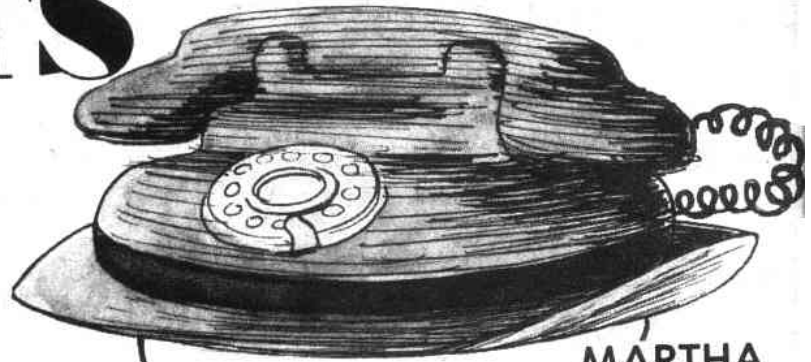


Time once again for our **Celebrity Gimmick**. Namely, taking a familiar object and fitting it to a well-known personality. In the past we've given you everything from **Celebrity Sunglasses** to **Celebrity Lamps**. This time out we really "flip our lids" as we present...

# CELEBRITY HATS



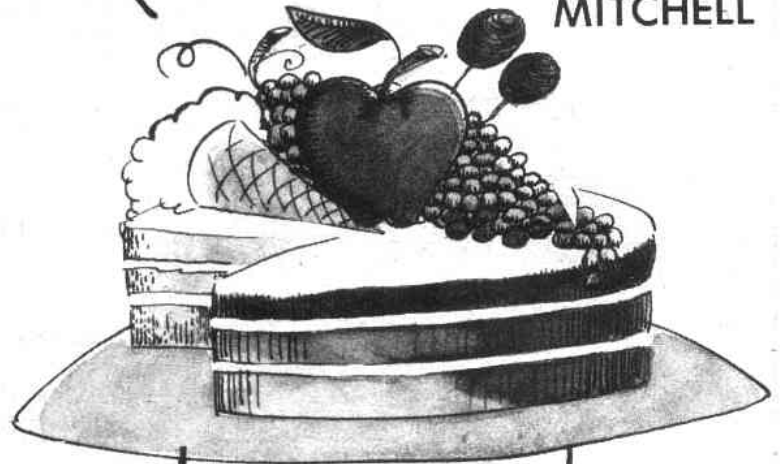
JACKIE ONASSIS



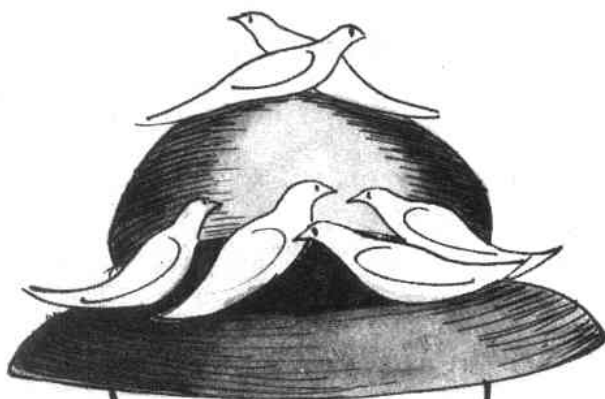
MARTHA MITCHELL



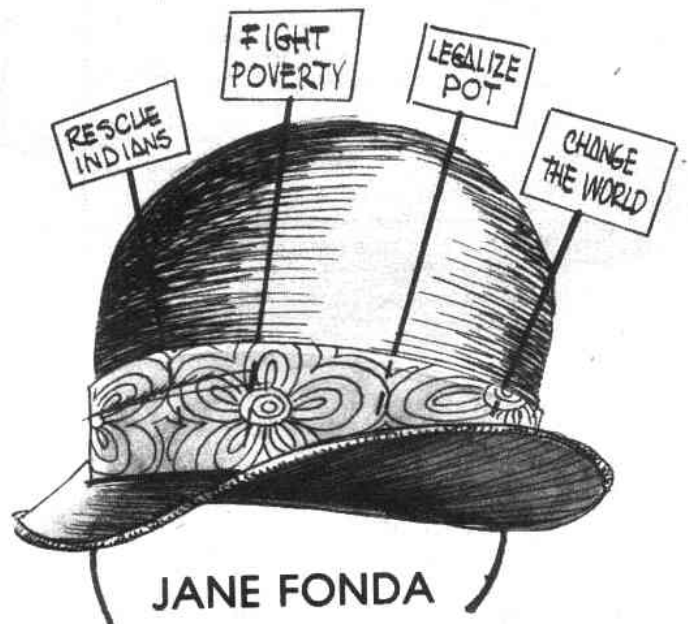
DR. DAVID REUBEN



MAMA CASS ELLIOT



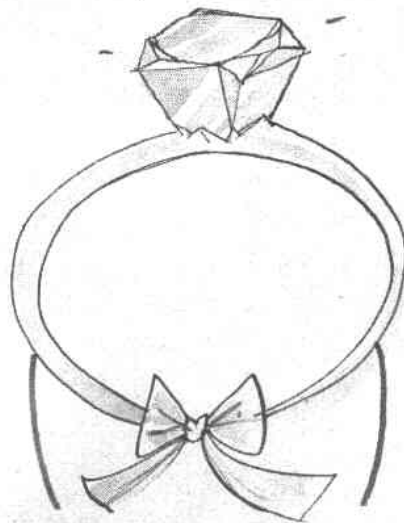
SENATOR FULBRIGHT



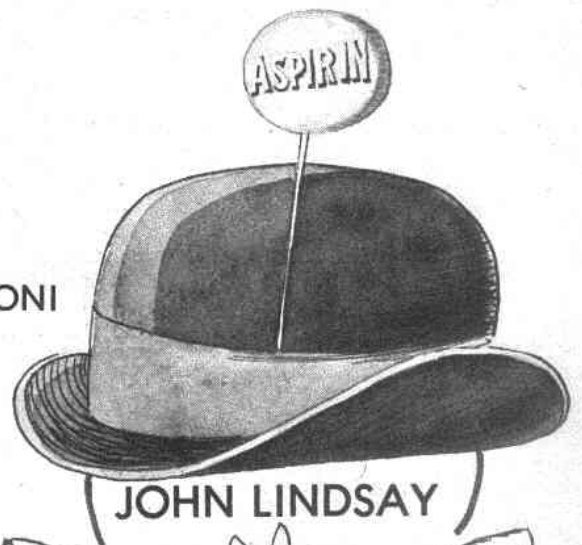
JANE FONDA

conceived by  
ROWENA COX

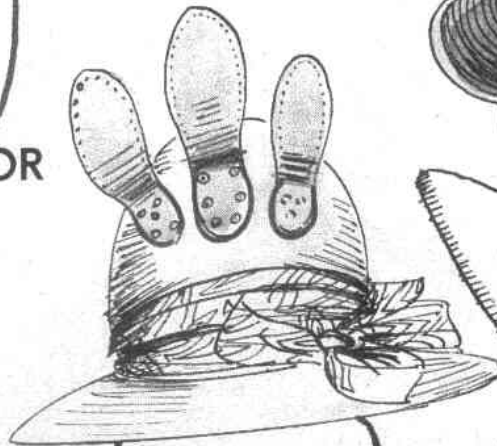
executed by  
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



ELIZABETH TAYLOR



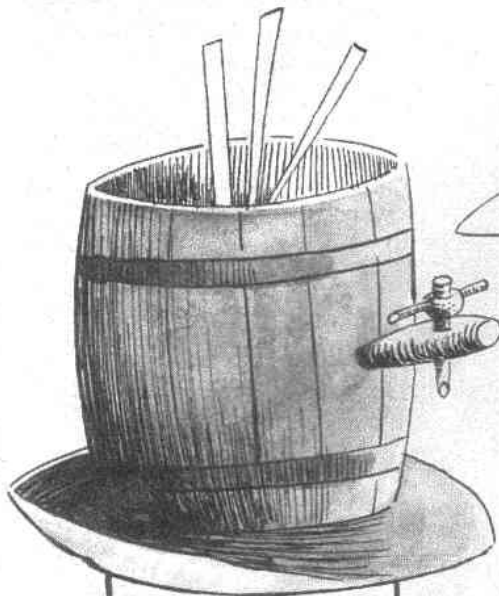
JOHN LINDSAY



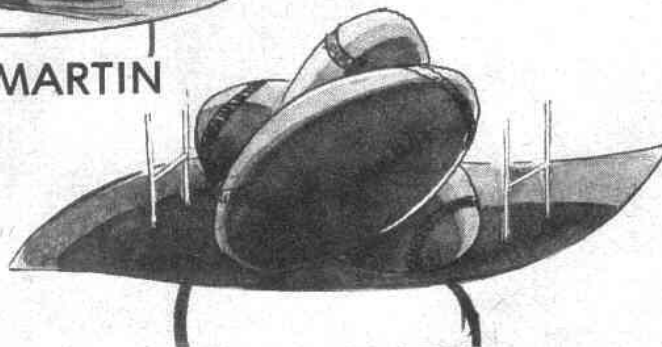
ARETHA  
FRANKLIN



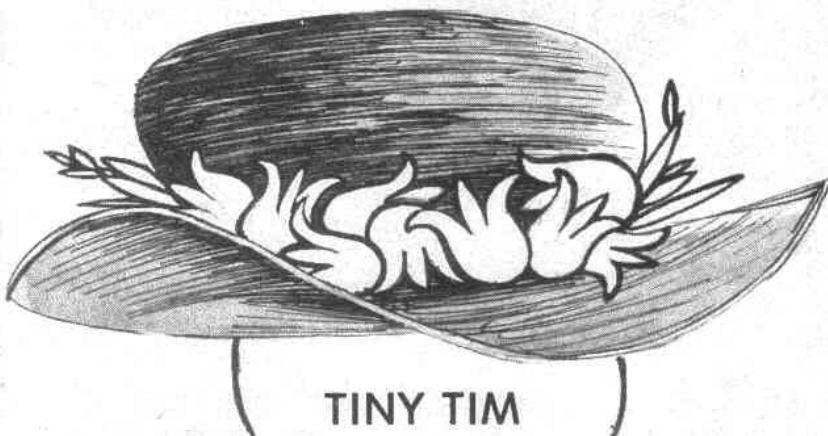
HUGH HEFNER



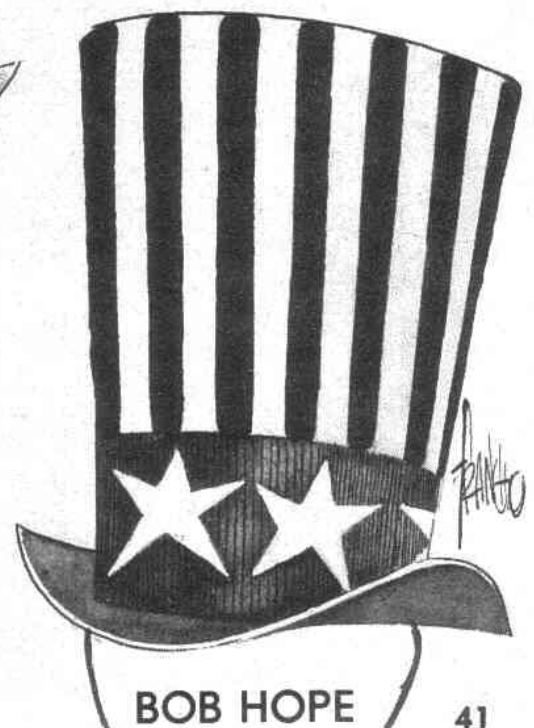
DEAN MARTIN



JOE NAMATH



TINY TIM



BOB HOPE

INSECURITY is sitting around while the auditors check the books.

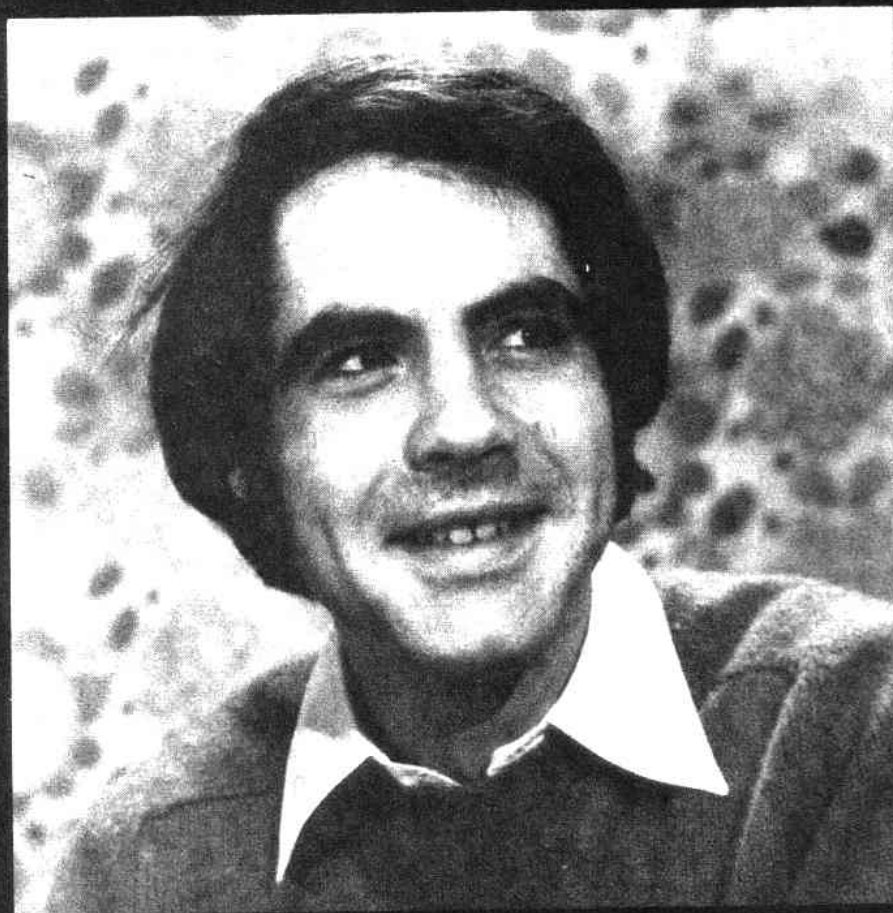


COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH

## PROFILE:

## ROBERT KLEIN

INSECURITY is seeing a car coming toward you on a one-lane highway.



Robert Klein gives every sign of being very much on his way. At 30, he has made four movies, had his own prime-time network TV show, done four Broadway plays, worked some of the country's top "in" night clubs, and run up a score of top TV appearances.

Born in the Bronx, he graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School, received a B.A. from Alfred University, attended the Yale Drama School, and, after working as a substitute teacher in junior high and high schools, made his professional acting debut in 1963 in an off-Broadway production of "Six Characters In Search Of An Author."

He later joined Chicago's Second City, and came to Broadway in a Second City production in March of 1966. He then won a role in the Broadway-bound "The Apple Tree." While the show was trying out in Boston, he started to think seriously of becoming a stand-up comedian. He began to write material and practice routines into a tape recorder.

After opening the show in New York, Klein continued to develop his act, trying it out in small local clubs while still appearing on Broadway. At one of the clubs—The Improvisation—he was seen by comedian Rodney Dangerfield, who recommended him to talent managers who'd developed the ca-

reers of such notables as Woody Allen and Dick Cavett.

Soon after, Robert left "The Apple Tree" and went into night-clubs. Then, in January of 1968 he appeared on network TV for the first time. A few months later he appeared on Broadway in "New Faces." His next Broadway show was "Morning, Noon and Night," in which he received superb notices. At this time he began to turn up regularly on the Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, Dick Cavett, David Frost, Joey Bishop, Ed Sullivan and Tom Jones shows. Last season, in addition to a number of talk show appearances, he was seen seven times on the Ed Sullivan show, twice on the Flip Wilson show, and once with Tom Jones.

Two summers ago, he became the star of "Comedy Tonight" on CBS-TV, winning high critical praise. Also last year he co-starred or was featured in the movies "The Landlord," "The Pursuit of Happiness" and "The Owl and the Pussycat," and now stars in the forthcoming "The Wound."

Two highpoints of Robert Klein's career include reading poetry with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and playing in a special performance of the musical "Candide" in Corpus Christi, Texas. Less of a highpoint was his first venture into show business—as one of the singing "Teen Tones" on the Ted Mack Amateur Hour. They lost, Robert claims, "to a one-handed pianist."

Robert Klein has really arrived. If his credits, as we've just outlined them, don't attest to that, then this special SICK accolade does. After all, he is our comedian of the month...

**—FOR A SAMPLING OF ROBERT KLEIN'S HUMOR WATCH  
YOUR FAVORITE TV VARIETY SHOWS—**

# JOHN WAYNE IN THE COWBOYS



This is the story of true grit... the story of dark command... the story of searchers and comancheros and stagecoaches and alamoos... mainly, it's the same story as every other John Wayne western... only with a different title! But, like, so is this review... the same jokes as every other Fred Wolfe review... only with different straight lines...



# JOHN WAYNE & THE COWBOYS



match. Namely, since all the eligible cowboys have run off to look for gold, Wayne is forced to raid a boys' school to get his cattle to the railroad. And eventually, they all turn out to be good *hands*. The rest of them stink, but their hands are great! Originally, John Wayne raided a *girls'* school, but that version of the movie is being shown exclusively in Europe as an "X"-Rated Western.

Having assembled his puny band of bed-wetting wranglers, John proceeds to teach them the important things they'll have to know to be successful cowboys: like rolling their own cigarettes; getting drunk; making it with saloon girls; and all that other basic stuff. In addition, he teaches them how to brand—which to

knows about ropes: "Knit one, purl two, etc." And most important of all, how to stay on a saddle. Of course, it takes them a little while longer to learn how to stay on a *horse*. Finally, in order to qualify, John (Will Andersen) tries the boys out at "breaking" a horse. Here they succeed beyond his wildest dreams—they break it in 44 parts! But, with a little Duco cement, they're able to put the old nag back together again and get the show on the road!

Not only does John have trouble with little boys and Indians, he's also in hot water from the N.A.A.C.P. This is because of his hiring a negro actor as a mere short-order cook. The latter is finally pacified however, when he is given longer orders. This



After winning the "Oscar" for "True Grit," John Wayne returns—his black eye-patch returned to Moshe Dayan—who also did a bit of winning with the same gimmick. The plot of "The Cowboys" is simple—no doubt intended for those with minds to

this day, John wears proudly on his backside.

He also shows them all he

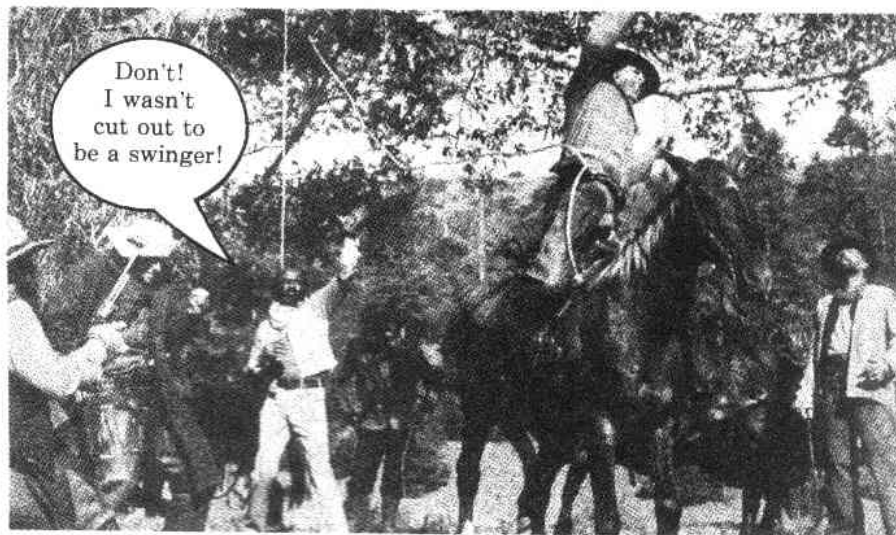
cook, with the unlikely name of Jebediah Nightlinger, arrives one day in a Woodstock-type painted chuck wagon (which he took while Chuck wasn't looking). Wearing a ring in his ear and gaudy Greenwich Village attire, John doesn't know what to make of him—especially since Jebediah is also wearing a "Win With Wallace" button. Gradually, John develops a grudging admiration for the proud colored cook—plus an ulcer from eating soggy soul food cooked in axle-grease. Seems the cook kept warning John not to swallow those watermelons whole!

John's plans for a cattle drive soon run into a slight snag—as the cattle can't drive—having flunked their road test by pass-



ing red lights and everything. So they are finally forced to walk. And getting orthopedic shoes on all those cattle was no joke! Before long however, all the small cowboys sit tall in the saddle, having developed enormous self-confidence—and mainly enormous blisters on their bottoms. In fact, they all had a ball “riding the range”—until some dimwit turned on all the burners! As for Big John Wayne, he sits so tall in the saddle, he’s constantly subject to nosebleed. On the way, one of the boys, named Cimarron, fishes a drowning comrade out of the river. This occurs to the disappointment of the other kids—who were hoping for a trout!

At first, it’s kind of scarey sleeping out-of-doors at night, espec-



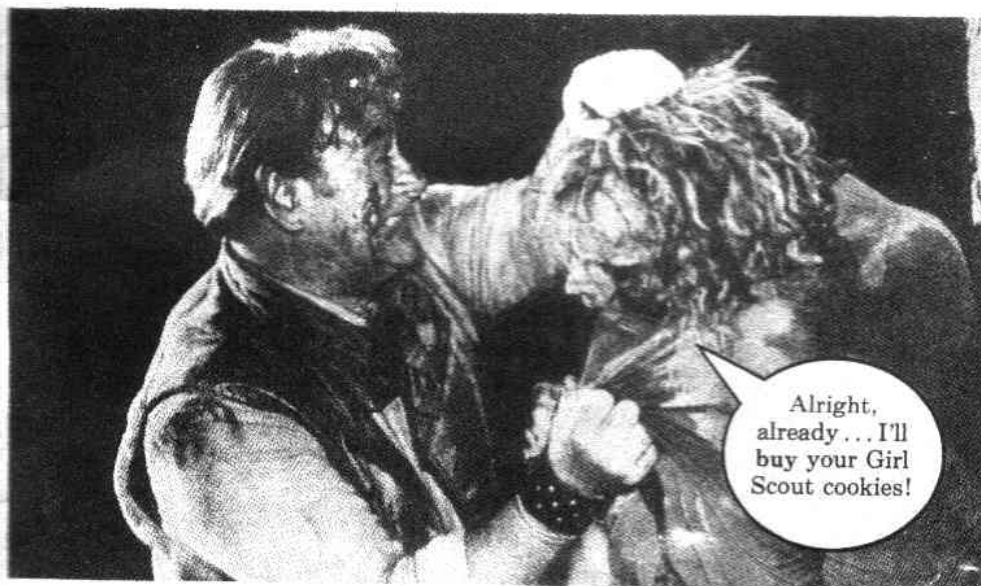
of making full-grown men out of the boys. He does this by gluing two kids together! And the boys

the boys were gorgeous—for a quarter apiece. Money sure went a long way in those days!

And then it happens. The terror of every ranch-hand—a *stampede*—of the audience to the nearest exit! After the stampede, one of the young boys “bites the dust.” Not only that, he dies. Frankly, it isn’t easy to tell if he’s dead—as most of the other kids are a bunch of *stiffs* to begin with.

Danger keeps stalking our dauntless young group of cowboys, and one day they run into a band of painted Indians. What really worries Wayne is that only their *lips* are painted. (Prairie fairies, yet!) But John straightens out the situation by donating several cows and some “pin” money—which the Indians immediately pin to their slips—and gaily ride away.

Then one night, rustlers jump the teen-age crew. When they announce they are “The Rustlers”



ially when the boys hear the howling of the wolves. However, when they find out that the wolves are merely howling at their copies of the “Playboy” calendar, everybody soon settles down.

And then there’s the problem of strange crawly creatures—everybody keeps seeing snakes almost everywhere. But this problem is quickly overcome, when John smartens up and locks away the liquor supply. Several of the youngsters make some helpful suggestions. Like the hip kid who wants the cattle to graze on “loco weed” so they’ll be able to “fly” to the railroad.

Much time is also spent rounding up the strays—the stray kids who decide to run away. But Wayne goes about his business

really grow up fast, when they accidentally run into some travelling camp followers who thought







the boys are at first ecstatic—thinking this is the name of a new rock group. But it seems the leader of the bad guys is intent on stealing every head of cattle. But one of the other rustlers finally convinces him they should steal the *whole* cows, not only the heads. Then, the impossible happens. After beating up the leader of the cattle-stealing gang, John is shot in the back. And for the first time in his western movie career, John Wayne actually dies before the end of the picture. He probably figures the critics would be too ashamed to say anything bad about someone who has just passed away.

While this was going on, the cook (Jebediah Nightlinger) was away from all the action, as his chuck wagon had broken down on the trail and he was busy fighting off Indians—and also Ralph Nader—who was waiting to have the wagon recalled to Detroit. When Jebediah finally returns, Big John is still alive—despite dropping enough blood to keep Dracula happy for twenty-two lifetimes. (Or is it death-times?) After giving the boys his final advice: "Never take any wooden nickels—especially from a wooden Indian," Big John falls—which causes a quake all the way to San Francisco. They then bury


him in the G. and Canyon—which, for Big John, is a snug fit.

Aching with revenge—and saddle sores—the boys strap on their forty-threes (they're too young to count up to forty-four) and seek to wipe out the rustlers, bring the herd to market, and trade it all in for "Hondas." The youngsters pick off the cattle thieves one by one by using skull-duggery—namely, digging their spurs into the rustlers' skulls!

When the gang is cut down to size, the boys taunt the remaining outlaws into giving chase—but they say they already gave at the office. The remnants of the cattle thieves are then led into a trap. Unfortunately, it's a mouse trap—which doesn't stop them at all—so the kids come up with another gimmick. They have Jebediah Nightlinger stay alone as bait—but the rustlers are in no mood to go fishing. Nevertheless, Jebediah manages to lure the overconfident killers, who try to lynch him. Frankly, we didn't think his acting was *that* bad! And thus, the kids mow down the outlaws like ten-pins—receiving the annual Dodge City Bowling Award. After delivering the cattle safely to the railroad, the kids chip in to give the late Wayne a suitable headstone for a marker. They try desperately to pick out one that would be adequate for Big John, and finally settle on Mount Everest.

The audience however, must be cautioned about the possibility of getting hoof and mouth disease from this picture—mainly from putting your hoof in your mouth to stifle the yawns!





I'm through  
with her... you  
want her back?

Since he  
can't afford  
the operation,  
we'll touch up  
the X-Rays!

# NEWS BRIEFS

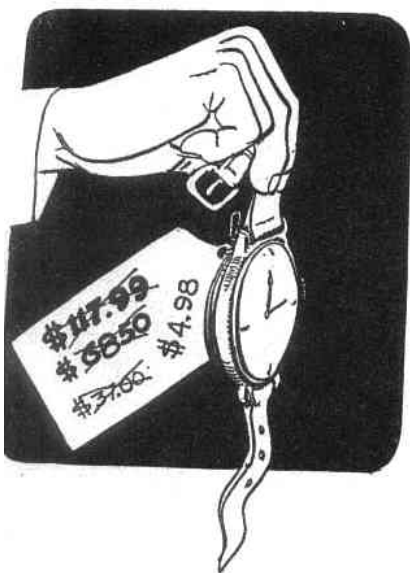
I want to thank  
all my ex-girl friends  
who got together and  
gave me this award  
for excellence in  
performance!

I'd like to  
get you on  
a slow boat  
to China...





Time now to plug one of our own books for a change. It's a book that's making a big splash in the minds of humor fans everywhere. That's because reading it gives you water-on-the-brain! If you don't believe us, see for yourself as you read these soggy samples from Phil Hirsch & Paul Laikin's new brain-washer ...



Israeli Watch—  
you don't wear it, you sell it



By Phil Hirsch and Paul Laikin  
Illustrations by Jack Sparling  
THIS BOOK BEARS WATCHING!



Illustrations by JACK SPARLING



Mission Impossible Watch—  
it self-destructs



Frank Sinatra Watch—  
good watch to retire by



George Wallace Watch—  
it never stops running



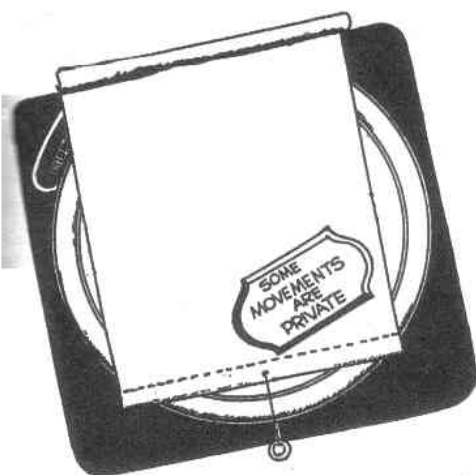
Dean Martin Watch—  
comes smacked



Zsa Zsa Gabor Watch—  
gets stolen, then has no jewels



Flip Wilson Watch—  
the Devil makes you buy it



Ex-Lax Watch—  
has an irregular movement



Ronald Reagan Watch—  
guaranteed to run and run and run



Mae West Watch—  
has an hourglass figure

PYRAMID book

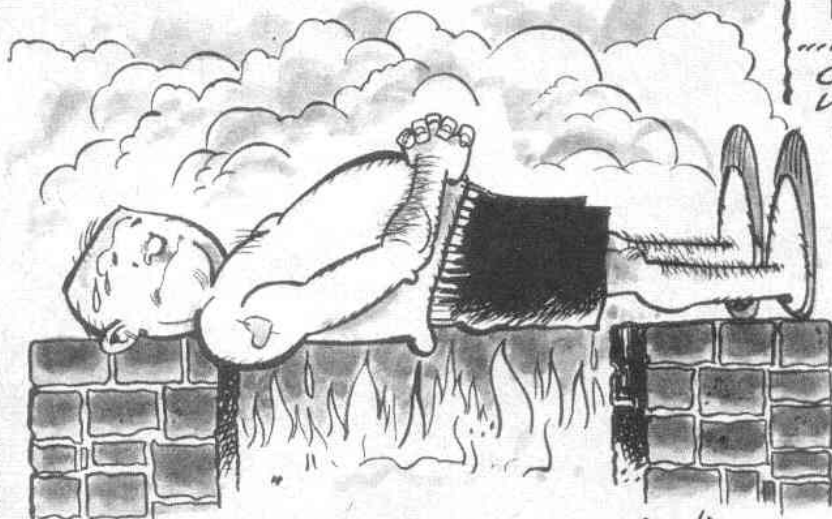


# SICK as it seems *by* LANGSTON

## YOGA practitioner **MYRON BEASLEY**

LAY WITH HIS ENTIRE BODY  
OVER THE OPEN FLAME OF A  
GRILL ---

...for NINE consecutive hours!!!



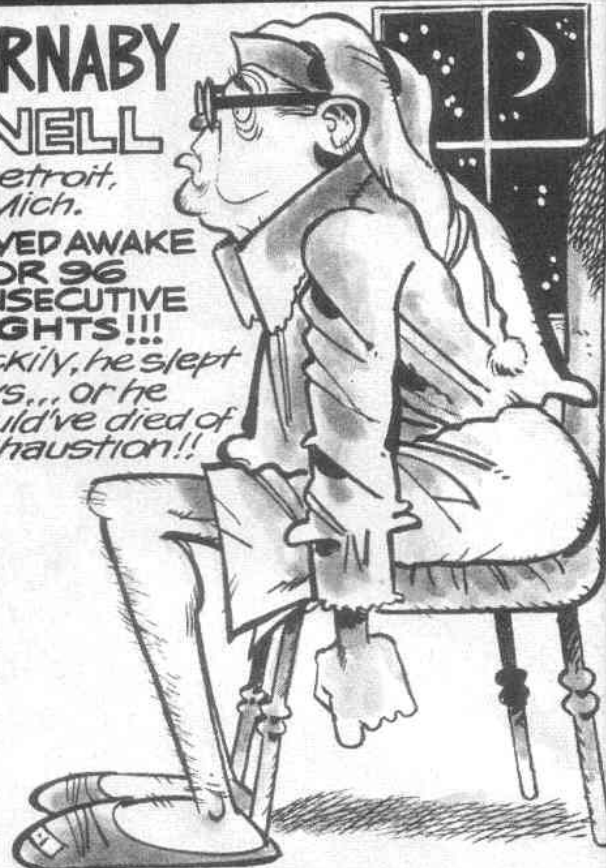
(he was burned to a crisp!)

## **BARNABY SNELL**

Detroit,  
Mich.

STAYED AWAKE  
FOR 96  
CONSECUTIVE  
NIGHTS!!!

...luckily, he slept  
days... or he  
would've died of  
exhaustion!!



## **HARLEY FINSTER**

Trenton, N.J.

KILLED A  
900lb. GRIZZLY  
BEAR WITH HIS  
BARE HANDS  
WEARING ONLY  
HIS JOCKEY  
SHORTS!!!

...how the bear came  
to be wearing his  
jockey shorts  
nobody ever found  
out for sure!!!

Dr. Joyce Brothers  
is really  
Dr. David Reuben  
IN DRAG!!!

...have you ever  
seen them together?



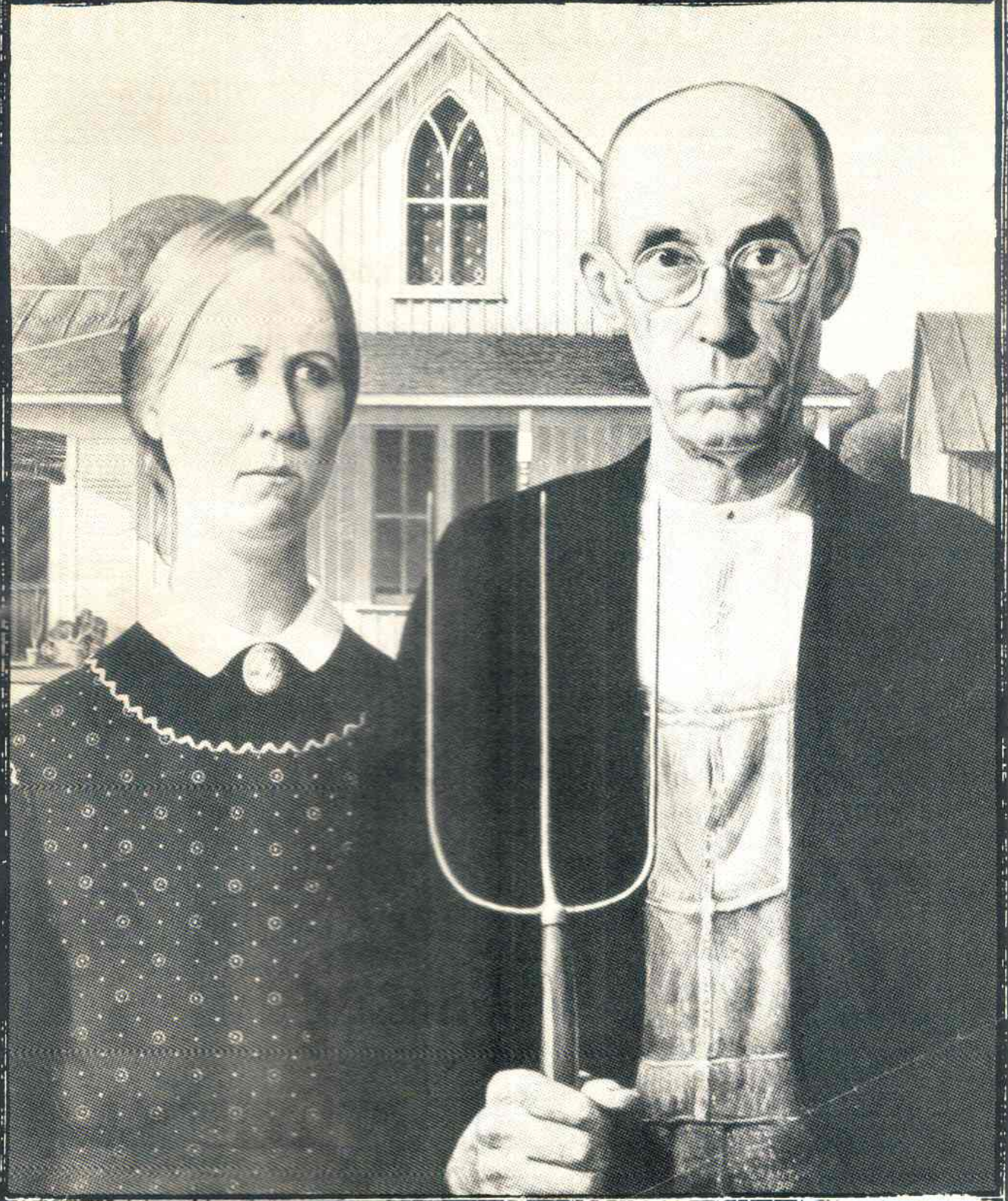
## **1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. LANCE STURDLEY**

of N.Y. City, N.Y.

Survived World War II, the Korean  
War, and the Vietnam War without  
a scratch... and was awarded a  
special medal on the steps of  
CITY HALL!!!

Unfortunately, while crossing  
Central Park to get there, he  
was mugged to death!!!





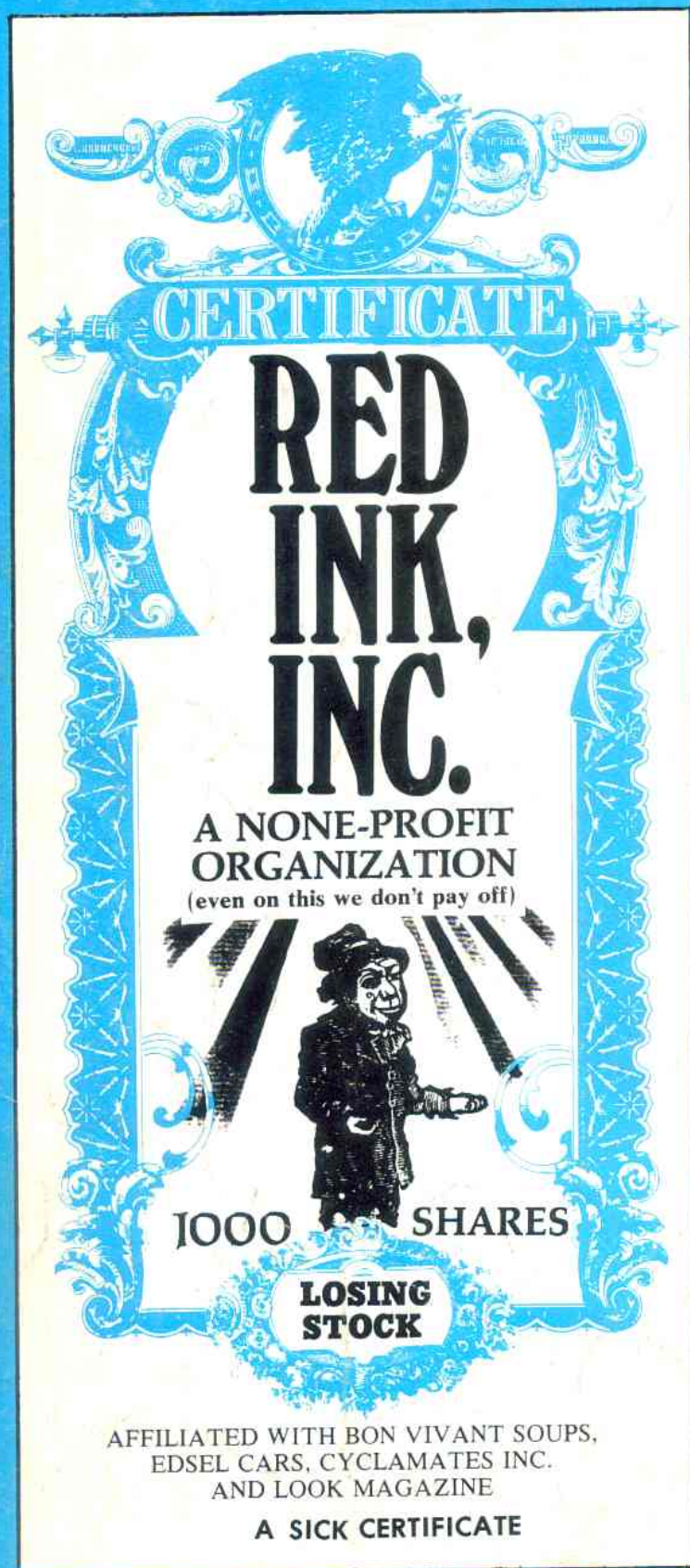
**Why can't you talk to us...we're your parents!**



BONUS CUTOUTS:

# WALL STREET STOCK CERTIFICATES

FLASH THESE FOLIOS • FOOL THOSE FRIENDS



**CERTIFICATE**

**RED INK, INC.**

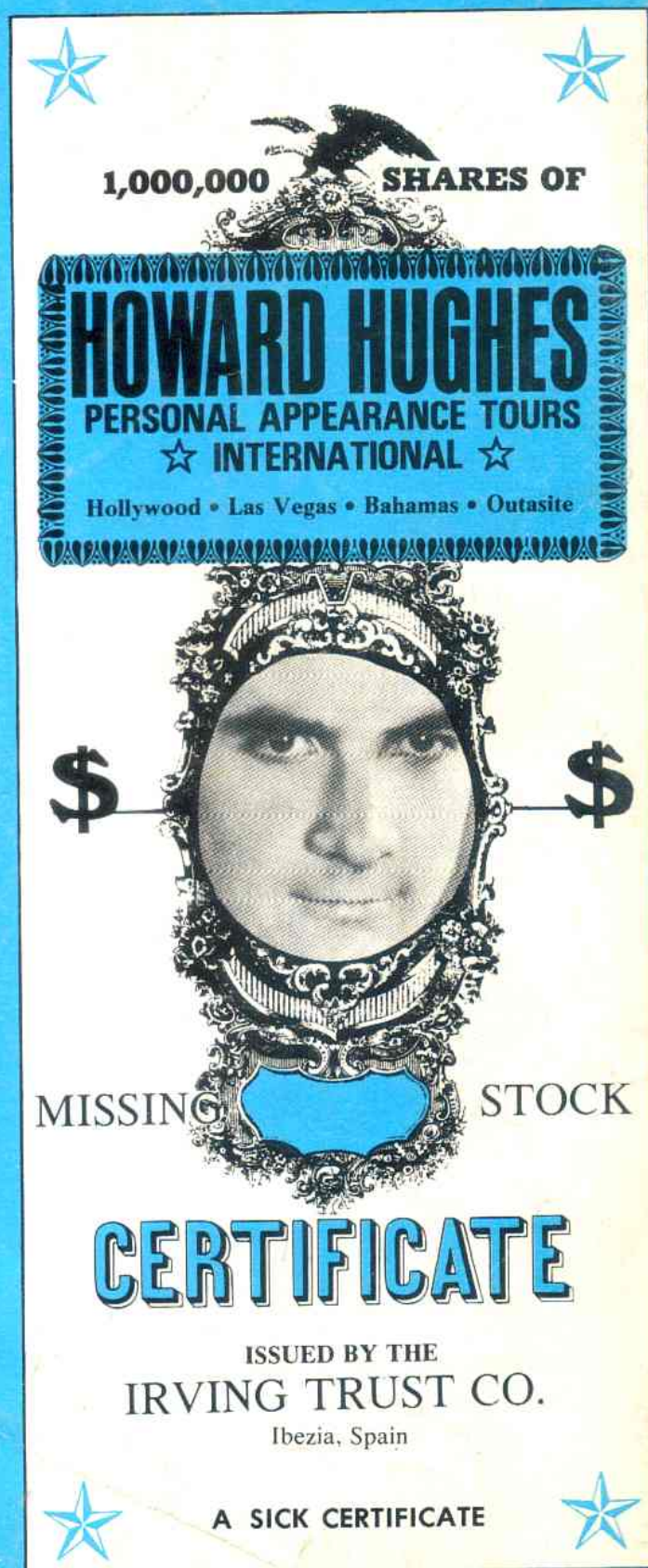
A NONE-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
(even on this we don't pay off)

1000 SHARES

**LOSING STOCK**

AFFILIATED WITH BON VIVANT SOUPS,  
EDEL CAR, CYCLAMATES INC.  
AND LOOK MAGAZINE

A SICK CERTIFICATE



1,000,000 SHARES OF

**HOWARD HUGHES**

PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOURS  
★ INTERNATIONAL ★

Hollywood • Las Vegas • Bahamas • Outasite

\$ — \$

MISSING STOCK

**CERTIFICATE**

ISSUED BY THE  
IRVING TRUST CO.  
Ibezia, Spain

A SICK CERTIFICATE

—MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER—